FAGOTS FOR THE FIRESIDE

A COLLECTION OF

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED
ENTERTAINING GAMES

FOR

Evenings at Home and Social Parties

BY

LUCRETIA PEABODY HALE

AUTHOR OF "THE PETERKIN PAPERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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NOTE.

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L. P. H.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

PAGE

Buz-Fiz. — Historical Pictures. — Five Points. — Anagrams. — German Constitution. — Riddle. — Russian Scandal 11

SECOND BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Mosaics. — Tea-Kettle Game. — Essay. — Writing Sonnets. — Hanging. — Three Lives. — Conundrum 27

THIRD BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Verbarium. — Charade. — Theatrical Adjectives. — Conundrum. — 'T was I. — How do you Go? — Idiot's Joy. — Solutions of Anagrams 43

FOURTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Criticisms. — Literati. — Answer to Charade. — Conundrum. — Charade. — Skeleton Story . . . 59

FIFTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

PAGE

Doublets. — Tierce. — Conundrum. — Minister's Cat. — Alliteration. — Riddle. — Mrs. Plinlimmins's Tea 72

SIXTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Answer to Riddle. — Charade. — Crambo. — Comet Trick. — Dumb Crambo. — Wiggles 87

SEVENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Word-Making. — Hide in Sight. — Stop. — Solutions to Doublets. — Going to Jerusalem. — Gorilla . 101

EIGHTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Potato Race. — Meal-Bag Race. — Three-Legged Race. — Bean-Bag Contest. — Clothes-Pins. — Shouting Poets. — Quotations. — Conundrums. — Charade. — Problems. — Acted Solution of Problems 114

NINTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

A BALLAD EVENING.

Writing Ballads. — Acted Ballads. — The Decorative Sisters. — The Dirge of the Tadpoles. — The Falls of Niagara. — Dream of Fair Women. — Description of Acting Ballads 132

TENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

EVENING OF PROVERBS.

PAGE

Cayenne. — Shouting Proverbs. — Illustrated Proverbs. — Put in a Proverb. — Acting Proverbs. — Answer to Charade 147

ELEVENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Alphabet Story. — New Alliterations. — An Austrian Army. — Written Geography. — I Love My Love. — Who Are You? — Who Am I? — Doubt It. — Patent Medicines 161

TWELFTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Queries. — Twenty Questions. — Clumps; or, the Two Captains. — Hunt the Feather. — Buried Cities. — Initials. — Riddle. — Answer to Riddle. — Pass the Quarter 178

THIRTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Grabouge. — Three-Handed Whist. — Jacoby. — Boarded. — Domino Whist. — Kopak. — Photograph Whist. — Shadow Pantomime. — Eyes Puzzle. — Magical Music. — Fling the Towel . . . 196

FOURTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Metamorphosis. — Farmyard. — Sapolio. — Travelling Alphabet. — Whispers. — Epitaphs. — Novel. — Impromptu Newspaper. — Beasts, Birds, and Fishes. — Cat's Concert 213

FIFTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

PAGE

Cum-je-cum. — Apprentice my Son. — Capping Verses. — The Farmer. — Johnny's Trade. — Barberry Bush. — Ancestors. — Throw a Light. — United States Mails. — Stage Coach. — Uncle Sam. — Four Fans of Five 232

SIXTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Composite Photograph. — Cento Verses. — Consequences. — Symphonious Verses. — What Is My Thought Like? — Acting Charades. — Games of Patience. — Spanish Backgammon. — Farewell . 251

FAGOTS FOR THE FIRESIDE.

THE FAGOT PARTY.

THIS name is given to an entertainment, to which each member of the company invited must come prepared with some game, story, riddle, or song for the amusement of the rest.

Such a series of entertainments was carried on by a company of friends who had long been in the habit of meeting often. The families who composed this lively set lived in one of the delightful suburbs of Boston, all but the Brunton family, who passed their winters in Boston.

The Brunton family were well known in Boston, as living in an ever-open and hospitable mansion, welcoming friends and strangers with genial cordiality, and very glad to share in any social amusement, even though it involved frequent excursions into the suburbs.

The Fagot-parties introduced by this collection of friends brought out a variety of games and amusements, new and old, which are given here,

with the suggestions and additions of the merry party as they gave them a trial.

For a better understanding of the different characters that appear in these pages, we give the following list of —

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. AND MRS. FORTESCUE.
TOM . . . . . *Their oldest son.*
CLARA, BESSIE . . . . . *Their daughters.*

MR. AND MRS. CHESTER.
SALLY . . . . . *Their daughter.*
ARTHUR, JACK . . . . . *Their sons.*

MR. AND MRS. BRUNTON.
AUNT CECILIA . *Sister to Mr. Brunton*; AUNT MARIA . *Sister to Mrs. Brunton* — *Maiden Aunts.*
EUSTACE, HECTOR . . . . *Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Brunton.*
ANGELINA, ASPASIA — *Daughters of Mrs. Brunton, devoted to Art, but much interrupted, — Aspasia, with work on associated charities; Angelina, on philanthropic committees.*

MISS ROSE GRAFTON, MISS LESTER — *Students in Boston University, passing the winter at the Bruntons'.*

MR. ERASTUS . *Friend of Eustace Brunton, also spending the winter at the Bruntons'.*

MRS. OWENS.
CECILIA. . . *Her daughter, friend of Sally Chester.*
RODNEY . . *Her son.*

OTHER FRIENDS, *Mr. Preston, of Philadelphia; Mr. Wyllis; Mr. Jones; the Smiths, etc.*

FIRST BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Buz-Fiz. — Historical Pictures. — Five Points. — Anagrams. — German Constitution. — Riddle. — Russian Scandal.

MRS. FORTESCUE begged to have the first party. She had suddenly discovered, in the Christmas holidays, that Mr. Fortescue needed just such entertainments for his evenings. He had been very much better during the last few weeks. Even the varied Thanksgiving and Christmas fare had not disagreed with him, nor given him his usual dyspepsia. She felt sure it was because he had slept so well; and he had slept well because he had passed his evenings in an agreeable and lively manner, instead of going into his library to bother over his accounts, or finish up some business paper.

"That is just the way with Mr. Chester," said his wife. "He reads us a little out of the evening papers till he gets stranded on the financial page, when he carries it off to his office, — for

his room is such a business place, we can't honor it with the name of 'library' — "

"Leaving mamma and me," interrupted her daughter Sally, "to gape over a game of 'Patience' that we have played the last hundred years — "

"Oh! you need n't play the same game every night," interrupted Mrs. Fortescue, "if you will only get 'Dick's Games of Patience,' — for of course you have Mrs. Cheney's book. What should I do without them when Clara goes off to her parties?"

Everybody interrupted each other in this lively circle, so it is useless to try to give all of this conversation. It is sufficient to say that they agreed upon the spot that they were just the people to have a Fagot-party, and that the first meeting should be at Mrs. Fortescue's.

"And do let us have the Bruntons join us," exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"The more the merrier; and Aspasia and Angelina will draw us such lovely historical pictures. You know we have not tried them yet."

"I believe the worse they are drawn, the better fun," exclaimed Clara Fortescue. "But it will be something to have a few pictures that mean something, done by an artist, if only for contrast."

So it was that the Fagot-party was appointed. The gentlemen had growled a little. Here was this so-called entertainment, invented apparently as a recreation for them to refresh their minds, weary from business, and yet they were now expected to contribute to an amusement of the most intellectual sort.

Clara Fortescue exclaimed: "But you know you are to bring anything, Mr. Chester. You always have a conundrum on hand, new or old; you surely can always bring us a conundrum."

And so the Fagot Party was started. It was a full assemblage that appeared in Mrs. Fortescue's delightful parlors, and everybody came at once, so that it was difficult to calm the animated chatter of the greetings.

"This will never do," exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue; "the modest person who is to bring out our first 'Fagot' will never have the strength of mind to begin, and I must call you all to order."

With the help of Mr. Fortescue a silence was created, and the "modest person" proved to be Clara Fortescue.

"We played this game last summer," she explained; "I believe one of my friends invented, or at least improved upon, it. It is called

"Buz-Fiz.

"This is an amplification of a game that I daresay you all know under the name of 'Buz.' In Buz, the game consists in counting up from one, each player giving a number in turn; but whenever the number seven appears, or any of its multiples, the word 'Buz' must be substituted. We used to learn a great deal of arithmetic playing it. Any one who fails in doing this is dropped from the game. A few keep on long enough to reach the seventies, which must be gone through with, 'Buz one, Buz two,' and so on, till seventy-seven is reached as 'Buz-buz.'

"In Buz-Fiz the game is far more complicated. 'Buz' is still required whenever seven shall appear; but at every recurrence of three or its multiple, the word 'Quack' must be substituted, and for five and its multiple, 'Fiz' must be used. Fifteen would be 'Quack-fiz,' twenty-one would be 'Quack-buz.' But besides all these complications, at every return of eleven or its multiple, instead of eleven, 'Cock-a-doodle-doo' is required. The game becomes very animated; there are few who survive the first twenty, and only one or two are apt to struggle on for 'Quack-fiz' at thirty, and the line of thirties, all beginning with 'Quack.' Of course, if any person omits

any one of the multiples of a number which requires a changed number, he fails, and is dropped. When fifty is reached, each number must begin with a 'Fiz.' The game begins in counting in this way, each person in turn giving a number: 'One, two, Quack; four, Fiz, Quack, Buz; eight, Quack, Fiz, Cock-a-doodle-doo, and so on; Quack coming in again for twelve, also for thirteen, as it contains the figure three; fourteen is Buz, and fifteen Quack-Fiz, — the smaller number always coming first.

"I am sure I shall lose my head at it," exclaimed Mrs. Chester; "do put me at the end of the row, that I may learn how before it reaches me."

By the time Mrs. Chester's turn came, so many had failed and dropped out that she retreated too, and after the fifties only a small number were left, Hector Brunton, Cecilia Owens, and Rodney breaking down the last. For this game the party had seated themselves in an irregular line, spreading round the room, and at the last break-down and the close of the game Mrs. Fortescue appeared, provided with pencils and slips of paper.

"I understand," she said, "that Aspasia Brunton will teach us the game of Historical Pictures, which they have played so much at the Bruntons',

and which we have heard about, but never have learned how to play."

"It may all be very well for the Brunton family," said Mr. Fortescue, "which is a family of artists, each member having his or her own private studio; but the rest of us ought to be allowed to sit by and look on."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Fortescue, who had meanwhile placed comfortable little tables for writing near everybody. "You will all be surprised to discover your hidden talents."

"Indeed," said Aspasia, "you will all find it an agreeable amusement to make

"Historical Pictures.

"Each one of the company must make a sketch (no matter how poor it is; the more absurd the drawing, the greater the merriment) of some well-known historical event, such as the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the First Gun Fired on Fort Sumter, Sir Walter Raleigh Spreading his Cloak for Queen Elizabeth to step upon, etc., etc.; or any event of the day may be chosen. The papers are then passed around the circle to the left, and each one makes a guess as to what the subject of the picture may be. This guess he writes down at the bottom of the sheet, folds the paper, so as to conceal what he has written, and

passes it to his neighbor. When each sketch has been passed all round the circle, every one takes his own, announces what subject he attempted to delineate, and reads the guesses written below. They are often amusingly far from the mark."

So they all agreed when the various efforts appeared. These created the greatest amusement, and the efforts of those who knew nothing of drawing proved often very effective. Some most remarkable subjects were represented. Mr. Chester's picture of his wife trying to draw an Historical Picture was pronounced admirable.

We give a representation of one of the pictures which was guessed right by a large number of the party, though it returned to its originator with some mistaken guesses, — one of the Pilgrim Fathers, another, the Landing of Cortez. Many, however, detected in the palm-trees and the proud air of the leader stepping upon the shore that it was the Landing of Christopher Columbus.

Arthur, who had started upon reading the Æneid in school, and had got as far as the second book, made a picture of the wooden horse invented by the Greeks and taken into Troy. He selected the subject because he thought it would be easier to draw a wooden horse than a real one, and he prided himself upon representing the whole thing so that it would be easily understood. He even ventured to add a picture of Helen fleeing from the Greeks, which must be correct, as he traced it from the picture in the notes at the end of his school-book. What was his horror to find that his father was the only one who recognized his picture! His paper as it came back to him read thus: —

"My toy-horse on wheels. Bridget afraid of it." (This was his younger brother Jack's guess.)

"New invention of double bicycle." (Eustace Brunton's jeering suggestion.)

"Equestrian statue of Washington in Boston. Washington stolen by burglars, who escape." (Mr. Fortescue's guess).

"Dido running away from Virgil." (Older sister, who had seen Arthur examine his Æneid, and supposed the female figure must be Dido.)

"Wooden horse taken into Troy." (His father's guess.)

"Iphigenia running away from the funeral pile." (Angelina Brunton's guess.)

"First specimen of carving in wood, with fright of mother of artist." (Rodney Owens.)

"Jack frightening Lucy with his wooden horse on wheels." (His mother's guess.)

"Lady afraid of a horse who has wheels instead of heels." (Mrs. Fortescue.)

"Beautiful piece of sculpture that alarms those who see it."

This last guess was by young Cecilia Owens, whom Arthur much admired, and who was very anxious not to hurt his feelings; and perhaps it cut him more than all. His mother in vain tried to soothe him by representing that they were not all as well acquainted with history as he, and

could not be expected to guess right. His artistic vanity was deeply touched, until his father pointed out that all the guessers had discovered that he had made a picture of a horse, and a wooden horse too; and Cecilia's guess of a "beautiful piece" of sculpture was so much lauded that he was calmed, especially when his sister Sally's picture of Cinderella putting on the glass slipper afterwards was pronounced altogether too plain and too easily guessed, so that Arthur could take credit to himself for his artistic vagueness.

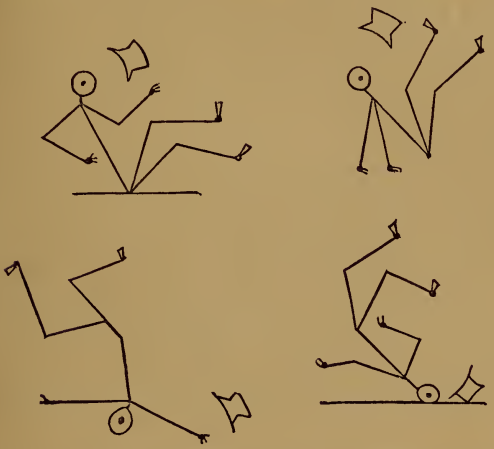
As Mrs. Fortescue had her paper all ready, the next Fagot offered by Eustace Brunton was directly explained, and the game played. It was called

Five Points, or Rice Game.

Put together as many sheets of note-paper as there are persons who are to play. Scatter on the upper one at randon five kernels of rice. Prick with a pin, without disturbing the rice, five holes through the spots where the rice has fallen. You will thus have a number of sheets of paper, each containing five pin-holes arranged in the same order.

The game consists in each person drawing a figure which shall come within the points, using one for the head, two for the feet, and two for

the hands. The illustration gives some examples drawn on a small scale, showing the variety of figures which can be made. The figures, in



fact, are larger as the kernels of rice will fall at greater distances.

"While you are puzzling your brains over this," said Mrs. Chester, "you may as well try my Fagot. It is only an anagram that none of us have been able to guess. I have worked over it three evenings. The word given me is 'Toadspine,' and I can make everything else out of it but a word."

Mrs. Chester gave a description of this game.

Anagrams.

This game is played as follows: The letters which form some word are made into a quite different word, or a short sentence, if possible, and the players are required to find out the original word.

"The trouble of these anagrams," said Hector Brunton, "is that they are often given to you spelled wrong. Now, I spent half an evening over 'Florence Nightingale' as an anagram, but was bothered because I was given 'Flit on charming angel,' instead of 'cheering angel,' and so I had not *ee*'s enough."

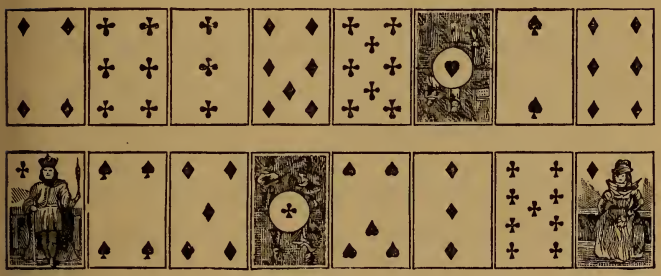
"Now you have told us," said Sally Chester; "but then I never should have guessed."

Cecilia Owens brought for her Fagot a new game of "Patience," called "Constitution," that is quite different from the game so called in Dick's "Book of Patience," she explained. "It came from my German book, and I am so fond of it I play it every night. You might call it the

"German Constitution.

"You begin by laying down eight cards in a row, then you leave a space for another row, and lay out eight more cards below. From this lower row take any card that ranks one higher

than a card in the upper row, regardless of suit. For instance, move this four of spades from the lower row, and place it under the three of clubs in the upper row; the five of diamonds must go under the four of diamonds; the seven of hearts must go under the six of clubs; and so on.



These cards are to form the foundation-cards, or 'starters,' as I call them, for a series of families, to be built up without regard to suit. But they cannot be built upon *till the whole middle row has been filled* by cards from below; and you see we now have three gaps, — you want an eight, a two, and another seven. You must then deal out eight more cards in the lower row, putting one on this king, one in the next gap, in the next, on the ace, and so on. But you cannot use any of these cards till all the eight cards are laid down; then use from them any card that can fill

the gaps. When this middle row of foundation-cards is complete, and not till then (you may have to deal out the eight cards a number of times), pile up in ascending sequence, not following suit, finishing each pile by using the card just above it in the upper row. Two packs of cards are required."

While Cecilia was describing this, Mrs. Forescue had brought a box of letters to help those who were interested in making out Mrs. Chester's anagram; and some of them busied themselves with "Table-ray," which is a very puzzling transposition of letters, and it is said, so Mr. Chester declared, that Queen Victoria sat up all night to guess the answer.

Some puzzling anagrams were given, such as:

Sin sat on a tin tar-tub.

I hire parsons.

Red nuts and gin.

Golden land.

Men watch loom.

Use a blinder.

Buy oval car.

Mrs. Fortescue now claimed a Fagot from Rodney Owens.

"Mine is only a Riddle," he replied, "that nobody has been able to guess; and I fondly hope I may find an answer to-night."

He read the following lines: —

Riddle.

"They sink in my mysterious *First;*
It is my *Second* that they see;
My *Whole*, alas! oh, golden fair!
Will never more be seen by me!"

"It is mysterious indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "I shall leave it to Sally and her father to guess."

It was decided that the riddle was a puzzler. Mr. Chester's answer of a "mermaid" was not accepted. "For how," asked Mrs. Fortescue, "allowing the riddle to be half French, would you find a maid in the sea? And," she asked, "who would ever expect to see a mermaid twice?"

Angelina begged, before leaving, for a game of

Russian Scandal.

The company must all sit in a row, or circle, when the first in the row must whisper to his neighbor a bit of gossip or information, true or otherwise. He in turn whispers what he has heard to his neighbor; and so on till the bit of news reaches the last person in the line, who then repeats aloud what he has heard. It is amusing to find how his report differs from the original, — sometimes much exaggerated, sometimes not so entertaining.

Some very amusing incidents were told. Angelina, for instance, mentioned to her neighbor "that Mrs. Owens had sent for a carriage that morning to make some calls. It did not come, so she had to wait." The account given at the end of the line was, that Mrs. Owens "had set up a carriage with five horses, so one of the horses always had to wait."

"Why is this called 'Russian Scandal'?" asked Mr. Chester, emphasizing the "Russian."

"I suppose," said Mr. Fortescue, "out of tenderness to our own society, to suggest that we never have such exaggerations."

SECOND BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Mosaics. — Tea-Kettle Game. — Essay. — Writing Sonnets. — Hanging. — Three Lives. — Conundrum.

The second of the Fagot-parties was held also at the Fortescues.

Hector and Aspasia Brunton were among the first to arrive. Mrs. Fortescue stated that she supposed the lady of the house ought to be the first to start their evening fire, and she had provided pencils and paper to begin the evening, while their wits were fresh, with an intellectual game, that of

Mosaics.

"Now," continued Mrs. Fortescue, "I shall begin by giving you a list of words and a subject, and you must all write a story upon that subject, and introduce into it all the words; but you are not obliged to put them into the story in the order in which they are given out."

Deprecatory oh's and ah's and shakes of the head followed this announcement; but Mrs.

Fortescue, undismayed, gave out her list of words as follows: —

Insubordination.	Cried.	Disorder.	Galloped.
Fairy.	Penalty.	Opportunity.	Effect.
Embraced.	Trinkets.	Slippers.	Curiosity.
Climax.	Dredging-box.	Pineapple.	Repent.
William Tell.	Law.	Furious.	States Prison.

She proclaimed the subject to be — The Disorderly Girl.

For a while silence filled the room, broken only by the sound of pencils rapidly moving over paper. After the stories were finished, they were all given to Mrs. Fortescue, who read them aloud, and the company guessed the authorship of each. They varied in length from one page to several pages. The story we have selected to report was the longest.

The Disorderly Girl.

"Has anybody seen my bronze *slippers?*" *cried* Fay, wildly. "I left them on the mantelpiece in the parlor."

"I told you to put them away," said her mother, who was busily slicing *pineapple* in the kitchen.

"I know," said Fay, hastily; "but it is time for the girls to come, and I can't make my hair

stay up, for I have lost all my hairpins but three."

Her mother sighed. "Oh, Fay! you must learn to be more careful."

Fay ran upstairs, and after several minutes' hunt through cupboards and boxes, all in great *disorder*, called cheerfully down, "I have found all my things at last, mamma!"

Fairy Lindley was bright, entertaining, and affectionate; but, alas! she had one fault which caused great discomfort to those around her. It was carelessness. Mrs. Lindley thought it was time to consider seriously how she could cure her daughter of this serious defect. Suddenly she dropped the *dredging-box* with which she was sifting sugar over a loaf of cake: a bright idea had come to her. When, an hour later, her daughter *galloped* past her in the parlor, the picture of happiness, her mother laughed, and then sighed, as she thought of the doom hanging over her child.

When Fay bade her mother good-night at the close of the evening, she *embraced* her affectionately, saying: "Thank you ever so much, dear mamma, for the splendid time I have had. But I have not told you where I found my pearl cross. In your hairpin-box! Was it not a funny place for it? That capped the *climax* to

all my careless actions! What a love you are, not to scold me!"

"My dear," said her mother, gravely, "I am going to make a *law*, and I mean to have it carried into *effect*. It is that you shall put all your things in their right places, and if you do not obey me I shall have you pay a *penalty*."

"What will it be?" asked Fay, laughing. "Shall I be sent to *States-prison* for my *insubordination?*"

"Now, my child, be sober for one instant, and listen to me. Whenever I find anything that belongs to you lying out of place henceforth, I shall take possession of it, but I will give you something in exchange. If at the end of a month you have improved, we will see what will happen then."

Fay's *curiosity* was much excited by this speech; but for a while all went well, till there came at last an unfortunate day, when she was so eager to begin the play she had invented, of *William Tell* shooting the apple from Walter's head, which youth was to be represented by the clothes-pole, that she rushed out without putting in their place the *trinkets* she had thought it prudent to take off before leaving the house. When she next wanted her gold bracelets and coral pin, they were gone; but in the

boxes where they usually reposed were — beans! After this Fay, was more careful for a while; but by degrees her efforts to keep her things in order relaxed. Gradually, alas! her wardrobe was disappearing, and beans stared at her out from boxes and bags, cupboards and drawers.

"Oh, how I wish that beans had never grown!" cried she, in despair. "It makes me *furious* to meet them everywhere."

"You shall have the *opportunity* to win your things back," said her mother. "Every day, when you do not leave anything out of place, you shall have one article restored to you."

At the end of the month Fay had regained all her possessions; and if any one asked her what had caused so disorderly a girl to *repent* of her evil ways, she answered, "Beans!"

"Oh, Sally," exclaimed Mrs. Chester when this story was read, "you have given your own experience!"

"But, mamma," cried Sally, "how could you betray me! I thought nobody would ever suspect me!"

"I hope the next game will require no brains," exclaimed Mr. Fortescue; and Angelina Brunton promised that nothing of the sort would be required for the one she had provided, which was called by the cheerful name of —

The Tea-Kettle Game.

"This," said Miss Brunton, "is the name of the Fagot that I bring for my share; and you will have to stir round, for it is one of the games where one of the company must go out of the room, while the rest think of some word that has a number of meanings, — a word that has various spellings as well as meanings, but the same pronunciation. The person who has gone out is called in, and must ask a question in turn of each of the company; and the word thought of must be brought into each answer many times, in its various meanings, — only, instead of the word itself, the word 'tea-kettle' must be put in its place."

"I don't understand one bit," said Sally Chester: "you have to put the words in, and you don't have to put them in!"

"Suppose we take the word 'mean,'" explained Aspasia. "Suppose you ask me why I looked so sad just now. I should want to reply that you were very *mean* to notice my *mien*, when I was thinking only of the golden *mean*, and how I should express my *meaning*. But I should say you were very *tea-kettle* to notice my *tea-kettle*, when I was only thinking of the golden *tea-kettle*, and how I should express my *tea-kettle*-ing."

"How would any one ever guess?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"I will go out," said Rodney Owens; "I will make the first trial."

There was quite a discussion upon words, but it was hastily decided to try "boy."

"It has not much variety of meaning," said Aspasia; "there is also 'buoy,' to be sure."

"And every variety of 'boys,'" said Mr. Fortescue.

Rodney was called in. He addressed his first question to Sally Chester. "Where have you been walking this afternoon, Miss Chester?" he asked.

She replied: "I took a small *tea-kettle* by the hand, and we walked to the beach to see the *tea-kettle* splashing about in the most *tea-kettle*-ant manner."

"That sounds like a picnic," said Rodney. "Let us see: you might have taken a pail, — but no, you would n't have seen it splashing in a pale-ant manner. I must pass to the next. Mr. Chester, what do you think of the architecture of the new town-hall?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Chester, "I took my little *tea-kettle* to see it to-day, and decided it was the worst specimen of flam-*tea-kettle*-ant architecture we have had this long time."

Everybody exclaimed. Of course Rodney guessed on "flamboyant," and Mr. Chester had to go out.

"How could you give yourself away so!" exclaimed Sally; "you deserve to go out."

"Why not 'ail' and 'ale'?" suggested Mrs. Fortescue; and Mr. Chester was called in, and first questioned Mrs. Fortescue.

"I need not ask how you are," he exclaimed, "since you appear so well. But do tell me if you are as well as you appear?"

"I suffer from a little *tea-kettle*," answered Mrs. Fortescue; "perhaps it is because I had not any *tea-kettle* for dinner."

"'Ail,' to be sick; 'ale,' malt liquor," exclaimed Mr. Chester promptly.

"How could you be so quick?" asked Mrs. Fortescue.

"How could you be so slow," replied Mr. Chester, "as to give me the first words in the column of the old 'primer'?"

A very hard word was discovered for Mrs. Fortescue, but we have no space to tell how long she was in guessing it.

"Does the word 'fagot' ever mean one stick?" asked Mr. Fortescue.

"That is a question I was going to answer," said Hector, "by giving an

Essay

on the word for my Fagot. I had a note from a young lady spelling the word with two *g*'s, so I thought I must look it up —"

"Oh, Mr. Brunton," cried Sally, "how could you betray me!"

"Only to defend you," said Hector; while Mrs. Chester reproved her daughter for always betraying herself. "I find that Mary Cowden Clarke spells the word twice with two *g*'s, where the word is used by Shakspeare, in her Concordance."

"She is safe authority," said Sally triumphantly.

"But the dictionaries all give it with only one *g*," continued Hector, — "Johnson, Worcester, and Webster. Webster allows for one of its meanings, 'also, a single stick, suitable or designed for fuel;' the other authorities speak only of 'a bundle of sticks.' I am pleased to see that though both Worcester and Webster derive it from Greek and Latin, Richardson quotes it as coming from the Anglo-Saxon *fegan*, 'to join;' and Johnson's first derivation is from *fagod*, Welsh."

"Oh, I am thankful!" exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue; "for I conclude you would never have

allowed us to use it, Mr. Hector, if it had come from —"

"*Fax*, the Latin for 'torch'? Never!" said Hector contemptuously.

"And there would have been an end to our Fagot-parties," said Mrs. Chester.

"But now," said Mrs. Fortescue, "we are to have a Fagot from Miss Grafton, — and she will surely give us work to do in the literary line."

Miss Grafton was spending the winter at the Bruntons', as she was a pupil in the Boston University. Something between a laugh and a shudder greeted her suggestion.

"I assure you," she said, "you will find my game an easy way of

"Writing Sonnets.

"Select a sonnet from any poet, without mentioning what sonnet or poet you have chosen. Give out to the company the last word of the first line. Each person must write a line with the number of feet requisite for a sonnet, and ending with that word. The second terminal is then given, and a second line written by the company, ending with the word given out. No one must be allowed to know what the succeeding terminal is to be. One subject is usually given out, on which all the sonnets should be written.

This is to be repeated until the fourteen lines have been written, when the sonnets are read aloud to the company. This game is not so difficult as would at first sight appear. Only have the courage to try it, and you will be surprised to find how readable your productions will be."

Mrs. Fortescue was again ready with her paper and pencils, and furnished them to those of the company who were ambitious enough to venture. Indeed, there were not many who refused.

"Obedience," said Mrs. Fortescue, "is one of the qualities necessary in a Fagot-party. If our friends take the trouble to bring us a lighted Fagot, the least we can do is to keep the blaze going."

The result was a large number of sonnets, of which we give only two examples: —

Subject: MOONLIGHT.

In the dark shadow of a tower I — *stand*,
Dreaming of her who 'll love me — *nevermore*.
The moonlight falls aslant the open — *door*,
As ghost-like as the fancies I — *command*,
As passionless as is her own white — *hand*.
And oh, the change from all that went — *before!*
I loved her; yet for her dear sake — *forbore*
To urge her to renounce her native — *land*,
Content because she promised to be — *mine*,
Trusting, blind fool, that she would dare and — *do!*

More binding are the pledges given in — *wine.*
Ere my return another came to — *sue.*
Ah well! I do not grieve that she is — *thine,*
Because all love is over for us — *two.*

The sonnets were all read aloud by Mr. Fortescue, who abstained from naming the authors, if he knew them.

Subject: THE OCEAN.

A little bird sat singing on a — *spray*
Of flowering hawthorn in the twilight — *still.*
My thoughts with memories sweet its clear notes — *fill*
As I recall another soft, bright — *May.*
My love was with me on that happy — *day;*
We took a drive, unmindful of the — *bill.*
"Darling," said I, "I live to do your — *will.*
Tell me your wishes now, without de — *lay;*
For to displease you, dearest, I should — *hate.*
Shall it be woods, or ocean? Both are — *nigh.*"
"Ocean, by all means, if it 's not too — *late,*"
My pretty love replied; and this is — *why*
I love the sea, for there I found my — *mate,*
As she found hers; and now 't is wife and — *I.*

There was much discussion as to the author of "The Ocean," which was the last to be read.

"We must send them all to the 'Transcript,'" was pronounced by one and another.

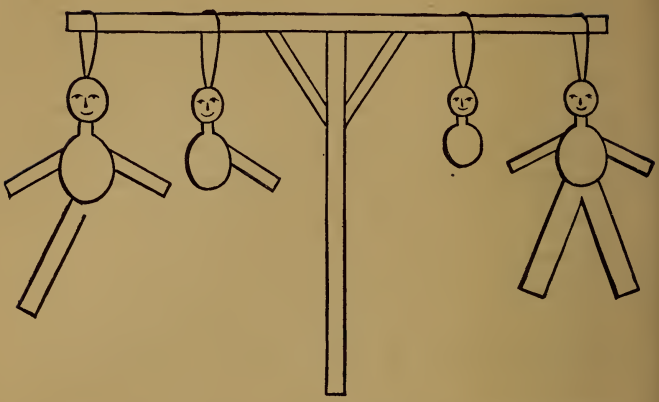
"I am almost afraid to give the name of my Fagot," said Mr. Erastus, a friend of the Bruntons. But Mr. Chester declared that it promised a pleasant change upon the last game, though it was called

Hanging.

This game is best suited to a party of three or four. Some one thinks of a short sentence consisting of a motto, proverb, or phrase; such as, for example, "All is well that ends well." He then indicates this on a sheet of paper by a blank for each letter, and dividing lines for each word, thus: —

———|——|—————|—————|—————|————|

He then proceeds to construct on his paper a set of gallows, with as many nooses as there are players. One of the players is then asked to mention one of the letters in the hidden sentence. If he guesses rightly, and mentions *i*, for instance, that letter is inserted in the blank which indicates its place. If his guess is wrong, however, the process of hanging him begins. A noose is let down from the gallows, and a head attached to it. The false letter is written by the side. The next player then tries his fortune at guessing the hidden letters. When a player makes a second failure, a neck is added to his head; for a third, the body is added; and so on until the figure is completed, when he must retire from the game. If a letter is repeated in the hidden sentence, as is the case with *l* in the example given above, each blank requires a sep-



arate guess. That player beats who first discovers what the sentence is.

The first proverb given was "Let him laugh who wins." But there were so many failures and so many "hangings" that the laughter came in for those who did not win.

This reminded Rodney Owens of a similar game, of which he gave a description, called

Three Lives.

"It is gracious," exclaimed Mr. Chester, "to grant us three lives after hanging. One would have seemed somewhat unexpected!"

Rodney continued: "This game is so called because each player has three lives to lose before he is excluded from the game. Some one in the

company must think of a word and give the first letter of it. No. 2 also thinks of a word beginning with the letter given out, and adds the second letter to it. No. 3 must then think of a word beginning with those two letters, and give out the third letter of his word, and so on, thus:

"No. 1 thinks of the word 'sympathy,' and gives out the letter *s*. No. 2 thinks of 'satin,' and gives out *a*. No. 3 has now to think of a word beginning with *s a*, and 'sand' comes to his mind, so he gives out the letter *n*. This obliges No. 4 to think of a word beginning with *s a n*, and 'Sanscrit' suggests itself; so he gives out the letter *s*. No. 5 cannot recall any word beginning with *s a n s*. He is only allowed two minutes for his meditations, when the word is passed to the next. This failure has cost him one of his lives. No. 6 gives out the letter *c*, No. 7 *r*, No. 8 *i*, and No. 9 *t*. But No. 9 has now lost one of his lives, because he has completed the word. The fun of the game consists in trying to give the letters such a turn as to prevent the word ending with yourself; and passing it on to your neighbors. If a person, having a longer word in mind, gives a letter which completes a word of four or more letters, he loses a life. Thus, in the example given above, No. 4 might have had the word 'sandwich' in mind, and have given the letter *d*.

The rest of the players must be sufficiently alert to see that he has made the word 'sand,' and that he has thus lost a life. When a player has lost three lives, he drops out of the circle, and the game continues without him.

"When the circle is reduced to two, the contest becomes very exciting, each trying to fashion the word in such a way as to force his adversary to complete the word. The one left on the field is of course the victor. The first player who loses a life has the privilege of one additional life, making four in all."

The whole company entered into this game; but the number of those who could continue grew less and less, Hector Brunton and Cecilia holding on to the last. Mrs. Chester declared they must go.

"But, Mr. Chester," asked Mrs. Fortescue, "will you not give us your Conundrum?"

"I was just thinking of one," said Mr. Chester; "Hector succeeded so well in telling us all his facts in a few words, it reminded me of the essence of wit and this —

"Conundrum.

"Why was his Essay like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity was the *sole* of it."

"We had better leave," said Mrs. Chester.

THIRD BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

VERBARIUM. — CHARADE. — THEATRICAL ADJECTIVES. — CONUNDRUM. — IDIOT'S JOY. — SOLUTIONS OF ANAGRAMS.

THE next of the Fagot-parties met at Mrs. Chester's, and a large number of guests appeared. Each one bore a Fagot in hand, — a veritable stick of wood, which Mrs. Chester's lively fire seemed scarcely to need, but for which she could in the course of the evening find room in the ample fireplace in her large hall.

"Have you guessed my Anagram?" asked Mrs. Chester of Hector Brunton as he flung on his stick of wood.

"Oh, yes!" he replied; "but I had to go to the *Antipodes* for it."

"Antipodes!" Mrs. Chester exclaimed; "I never thought of making it out of 'Toadspine.'

"I believe we have invented the rule," she went on, "that the lady of the house shall be the one to set the literary blaze going, though

the rest of you to-night are warming us up for any entertainment with your actual Fagots. I bring forward for my Fagot the game of Verbarium. Yes, Aspasia, I know what you are going to say, — some of you have played it before; but I think that my method differs in some respects from the ordinary one, and it is at any rate so interesting a game that one who enjoys it may play it for weeks together without tiring of it, as I know from experience."

"But, Mrs. Chester, we have not all played it!" "It is new to me." "And to me," cried one and another. "Will you please give us the direction."

"Oh! that is easily done," replied Mrs. Chester; and she read the following directions: —

"Verbarium (sometimes called Androscoggin).

"A word is chosen, which each one of the company writes at the head of a sheet of paper. The game consists in making as many other words as possible, in a given time, out of the letters which form the foundation-word. Suppose the foundation-word to be

CONVERSATION.

The time allowed to each letter should be three minutes. Take the first letter in the foundation-

word, which in this instance is C, and make as many words as possible beginning with C out of the letters in the foundation-word. The same letter may not be used twice in the same word, unless there are two in the foundation-word, as is the case in the example, with the letters N and O.

"When the three minutes are out, the writing ceases, and the one who has the longest list reads aloud his set of words made from the first letter. The rest of the party cross out such of them as they have on their lists. If any have not the word on their lists, they make it known by raising their hands. Every failure counts one to those who have the word, and the number of failures thus made by others is recorded to them, and counted to them as gain, and written at the side of that word. When No. 1 has finished reading his list, No. 2 reads what remain on his; all in the circle, as before, marking on their own lists the number of failures. Then No. 3 reads, and so on throughout the circle, until all the words have been read. Each person then adds up the number of failures set against his column of words, and places the total at one side of his paper. The next letter in the foundation-word is taken for the initial letter of a new list of words. The same rules are followed as before.

"Each letter in the foundation-word is taken

in turn for the initial letter of a new list of words. When all the letters have been used in this way, and the failures recorded, the latter are added together, and he who numbers the highest has beaten. No word is admitted of less than four letters. Abbreviations and proper names are not allowed. Each additional syllable counts, so that it is an object to find long words. Only one word of a similar meaning is admitted, so it would be better to record 'creation' than 'create' in this word of 'conversation,' as it counts three for its three syllables; and 'conversion' is more valuable for counting than 'convert.'

"I have taken the precaution," Mrs. Chester went on, "to provide sheets of paper and pencils, so we can begin directly."

"May I ask why the game should be called 'Androscoggin'?" asked the Bruntons' "Aunt Cecilia."

"That will have to count for one of the Riddles," suggested Rodney Owens.

"Suppose we take the word 'precaution,'" suggested Aspasia Brunton.

This word was quickly placed at the head of each sheet of paper, and the party began to scribble, Mr. Chester holding the watch and watching the minutes, announcing when the three minutes were over.

"You must be mistaken," exclaimed Cecilia. "I have had time to write down only three P's. I was looking for a long one."

Rodney Owens, meanwhile, had recorded forty-eight. Some of his, however, were not allowed, though he declared they were to be found in the dictionary. These were "paco," "patonce," "pean," and some others; but his "piano," "paction," "patron," and "panic" were received with applause, and he had a greater number of long words than anybody had found. Arthur Chester, however, took pride in his "peanut" and "pecan," that nobody else had. Each successive letter was taken in turn in the same way. One hundred and ninety words were found in all, and Rodney Owens counted up the most. Arthur lost much on failures, having "onions," "entrance," and many two-syllabled words that could not be made from the word. He gained four, however, from having "operation," which nobody else had.

"I think we might easily spend the evening with this game," said Mrs. Fortescue.

"Only I have promised," said Mrs. Chester, "that Sally shall give her Fagot that was crowded out last time."

"It is not original with me," said Sally; "that is why I venture to bring it forward. It is a

Charade that I admired so very much, and the very original writer has allowed me to use it for my Fagot;" and she read the following —

Charade.

My *First* is what a fair young maid may be,
Without eliciting the slightest blame;
Yet woe betide the fortunes of a horse
That weakly undertakes to do the same!

My *Second* was made famous by a Pope,
Yet Popes may never wear one, — more 's the pity!
'T is strange that culprits always need one, while
Even saints would not renounce such in a city.

My *Whole* was cruel to a fair young maid,
Yet never could be cruel to a horse!
He scoffed at Popes, yet had he never lived,
Saints, sinners, all of us, had suffered loss.

"What a lovely Charade!" exclaimed Clara Fortescue.

"And I like it," said Aspasia, "because I really believe I have guessed it; and a Charade you can guess, is so much more interesting!"

"I think I have a clew," said Mr. Fortescue, "but I did n't understand about the horse."

"Remember Venice," said Aspasia in a low tone.

"Oh, please don't give us any hint!" said Cecilia; "I do like so to puzzle out such things myself."

"I agree with Aspasia that I do like a Charade

that can be guessed," said Mrs. Fortescue. "Now, the one your brother Rodney gave us at our first party is, I fear, one of those that nobody ever did guess."

"Except the person that made it," said Hector Brunton.

"But he is probably dead," answered Mrs. Fortescue.

While copies were being made of the Charade, Mrs. Chester called upon Eustace Brunton for his Fagot.

Eustace, who was always ready for every occasion, brought out a game, called —

Theatrical Adjectives.

"This game is so named," he went on, "because the adjectives used are guessed from their action. One of the company must go out of the room. The rest think of some adjective to be guessed. This is a little difficult, as you want to find an adjective that can be easily acted. The person who has gone out returns, after the word is prepared, and asks a question in turn of each one of the company until he has guessed the adjective."

"But how does he guess it?" interrupted Mrs. Chester. "Must every one put the adjective in his answer?"

"Not at all," replied Eustace. "But each person in his reply must enact the quality that the adjective expresses, and the questioner must guess the word by the air and manner of the person who replies. For instance, suppose we agreed upon the word 'sleepy,' and I were asked some question: whatever the question might be, I ought to reply in a sleepy tone, as if I were imbued with sleep, expressed by the adjective. I should not, however, advise the word 'sleepy,' because the object of the game is to be entertaining; and I am afraid if everybody fell to acting the word 'sleepy,' Mrs. Chester would think I had brought a very dull Fagot."

"I hope you won't ask me to go out," said Arthur Chester; "for I mix up adjectives, and never can tell which they are, — which are adjectives used as adverbs, and which are adverbs used as adjectives."

But Cecilia Owens declared she had rather guess the adjective than act it, so she went out.

The word "learned" was fixed upon, and Cecilia was called in.

"How many people do you suppose went out in the storm yesterday?" she asked of Mr. Fortescue.

"If you were to wish me to consider the sub-

ject on a strictly mathematical basis," he answered, "I should be obliged to acquaint myself with a large quantity of numerical facts. I should have to possess myself with a Directory, to know how many persons there are in the town, of right age to go out; and this would fail to furnish me with all the statistics, because the Directory does not inform me the number in each household, — only perhaps of those who are likely to be called out naturally for their daily occupations, while equally naturally there may be a number of females not called out by necessity, but — "

"Oh! it must be 'long-winded,'" said Cecilia, interrupting him.

"I am highly complimented," said Mr. Fortescue; "but you are mistaken."

"Now, Sally," said Cecilia, passing on, "you can't be so learned." Here she detected a smile on the faces of the listeners which gave her a hint that she was on the track of the word; but she continued with her question: "Where, Sally, did you get that lovely shell necklace?"

"It was in the year 1492," began Sally, "that Columbus set sail from Palos. This was a small port in the South of Spain, not far from Cadiz. Ferdinand and Isabella were the reigning mon-

archs, and at first they gave but little attention to the arguments of Columbus."

"The word must be 'learned,'" exclaimed Cecilia. "Only, Sally, do go on and tell us how you meant to connect all this history with your shell necklace."

"Only because it came from Cuba or the South Sea Islands; and this is the only bit of history I happen to know."

"I can't say there is much acting in this!" said Mr. Fortescue.

"But you can put in as much as you please!" answered Eustace.

"I will come then first to you," said Sally Chester as she went out.

A word was selected, and she was called in. She went directly to Eustace, asking: "Will you tell us what you propose to do with your Fagot?"

He started up, and seemed to seize something in the air.

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?" he cried. "It beckons me on! I go, I go. I will not dread the ruddy drops. I follow wherever it leads, even if it calls me —"

"Oh! 'theatrical,' 'theatrical,'" exclaimed Sally. "That must be the word."

"No, no," exclaimed the rest.

"Is not that right?" said Sally, disturbed,

turning to Angelina Brunton, who sat next. "Miss Brunton, can you give me a clew to the word?"

Miss Brunton rushed directly to the back of the large room, seizing, as she passed a table, a Spanish dagger used as a paper-cutter, and a silver goblet. She returned slowly, threading her way among the chairs and tables.

"See," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, "she is Queen Eleanor! What a terrible expression she wears! It is truly —"

"Hush," exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue. "You will betray the word! See, she is coming to Cecilia Owens, who must be her Fair Rosamond!"

Cecilia started from her chair with all the terror of Fair Rosamond as Queen Eleanor offered her the choice of the dagger or the poisoned goblet.

"Do see!" exclaimed Sally; "she is Queen Eleanor herself, and her look is *murderous*."

There was a shout of applause, for this was the word.

"But you ought not to have guessed so soon," said Mrs. Fortescue; "for we have lost the end of the scene."

"It was your applause," said Sally, "that showed me what the word was."

"It reminds me," said Mr. Chester, "of the

"Conundrum:

"When was the greatest slaughter of poultry on record? When Queen Eleanor did 'murder most foul.'"

This game of theatrical adjectives proved such a favorite one that it was continued till late in the evening.

Eustace Brunton would not describe a game he wished to introduce, as he said it could be better understood in playing; and he selected Rodney Owens for the "victim," in the game played as follows, with the name of —

'T was I.

One person is selected, who must go round the room, inquiring of each person what interesting object he has lately seen. The answer can be anything one pleases, — an elephant, a rhinoceros, a goose, a donkey, a "born" idiot, a burglar. After each answer, the victim who goes round must reply, "'T was I."

Rodney Owens lent himself with spirit to the little trick which Eustace Brunton had played upon him by whispering to him that all he need to do was to say, "'T was I," to every answer given him. The melancholy tone in which

Rodney gave his ejaculation, varying it for each answer, gave much amusement.

As the party were still seated for a round game, Rodney Owens proposed they should try one which he had wished to suggest this evening, called —

How do you go, and when?

One of the party declares he is going to travel, and wants some advice. He whispers to his right-hand neighbor the name of the country he is going to; then asks of his left-hand neighbor whether he shall go by sea or land; of the next by what conveyance he shall go; of the next, whether to the north, south, east or west. After his four questions are answered, he is obliged to describe how he can reach the place he has proposed to visit by the different ways recommended to him. Every variety of method of travel can be suggested, — by railway, camels, donkeys, gondolas, sledges, wheelbarrows, bicycles; all perhaps equally difficult for the traveller to accommodate to his circumstances.

For instance, Hector Brunton had to explain how he could get to Australia by land. He stated he went first to the North Pole, then took a balloon, — which was surely not going

by sea, though over the sea. Cecilia Owens had to get to the Rocky Mountains by canoe, which she managed by having hers carried on camels.

Mrs. Fortescue at last insisted that it was time for them to go, though she could not resist Clara's entreaties for her to stop and hear Cecilia describe such an easy game of Patience with the enticing name of —

The Idiot's Joy.

Even Mr. Fortescue declared that he was sure, from the name, it must exactly suit him; and stayed to hear the description.

"It varies from the old Idiot's Joy," Cecilia went on, "and is more entertaining. You use only one pack of cards, and have them well shuffled. Then take off three at a time, and put them down, face up, to form a talon, or stock. If a king or ace appears as the top card, take it off, to serve as a foundation-card, and use the one below, if suitable. On the aces you are to build up families, — an ascending sequence. On the kings you build, in descending sequence, as far as seven, — no farther; for these piles serve to supply the lower ones when needed. Continue to take off three cards at a time from the pack, making a talon of them, face up. You can use

every third card, as it turns up, for foundation-card, or to complete the piles, and you can use always the card revealed by using the upper one; that is, you can always use the top card of the talon whenever it is suitable. Place the kings as they appear in a row, and the ace of the same suit under each king. Follow suit in making the families. You can turn the talon as often as you please, and this is what makes the peaceful joy of the game; but if you go through it a second time without gaining a single card for your piles, you may be sure that your game has failed. The card you want is perhaps at the very top, and never has been revealed."

As she was giving directions for the game, Cecilia was hastily dealing out the cards.

"You see we have finished up this pile on the king of diamonds as far as seven; but we cannot use on it this eight, as we are not allowed to go higher than seven on the king-piles, and it cannot be used on the ace-pile below, as it is not ready for it, — it is not higher than five, so it is of no use at present. The charm of the game is that you peacefully turn your pile over and over, and have to take no thought nor judgment about it."

"It will just suit me," said Mr. Fortescue; but Mrs. Fortescue bore him away.

Meanwhile Sally Chester had been collecting the solutions for the Anagrams given at their first meeting, which were in order, as given there: —

Transubstantiation.
Parishioners.
Understanding.
Old England.
Commonwealth.
Undesirable.
Vocabulary.

FOURTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

CRITICISMS. — LITERATI. — ANSWER TO CHARADE. — CONUNDRUM. — CHARADE. — SKELETON STORY.

THERE was a large family at the Bruntons', where the next Fagot-party assembled, so there was a numerous and interested audience in the background. When the usual party had appeared and were welcomed, Angelina brought forward the Fagot that she had prepared for the entertainment of her visitors. It was called —

Criticisms.

She read the following description: —

"After the guests are conveniently arranged, give to each one a sheet of paper, with the request that the title of some well-known book be written upon it, as near the top as possible. It may be either a novel or poem, a scientific work or some grave treatise upon morals or philosophy, as the fancy of the writer may dictate. After this has been written, the sheet must be folded down in such a way as to conceal the

line already written, and passed to the left-hand neighbor.

"Upon the sheet now in his hand, each one must write, as near the top of the page as possible, the name of some author of sufficient reputation to be generally known. This name is also concealed from view by again turning down the paper, which is then passed to the left. Next must be written some quotation, either in verse or prose, which would make an appropriate motto for a book. The paper must be again folded, and, as before, passed to the left.

"Every person must now write a criticism upon the book supposed to be designated in the lines concealed from view, as though taken from some newspaper or review. The papers must then be passed once more for a second criticism, which finishes the game."

Miss Brunton provided each of the visitors with a paper, on which the first was to write the name of a book, passing it on to receive the additions, in turn, of the name of an author, a motto, and a series of criticisms. When finished, these were read aloud, and received with great applause and laughter. The specimen we give below may be interesting as showing the comical effect produced by such incongruous parts being joined into one whole: —

ALICE IN WONDERLAND,
BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

"Happiness is a wayside flower growing along the high-road of usefulness."

First criticism: "This treatise is evidently the work of one who is master of the subject he discusses. The most superficial survey of the ground he covers, discloses an intimate acquaintance with the laws which govern the material forces of the universe. And not only this, the author takes us by the hand, as it were, and leads us into a world beyond our ken, showing us that there are things even in the physical world which our senses are not yet sufficiently developed to take cognizance of."

Second criticism: "This novel is one of the author's best. In it his pathos, humor, and knowledge of the world are seen in their fullest measure. This measure, it should be mentioned, is not a peck measure, nor a yard measure, nor any measure by which we measure out bare materialism; but so far as it goes, it is full. The work is absorbing, as sand is absorbing, from its dryness. It should be read upon a wet day. It is especially recommended to the young as a discipline for the mind."

A clamor of voices followed the reading of this, as well as the remaining criticisms and the other papers, every one being ready with his or her guess as to the authorship of the different writings. In the example we have given, it was easy to recognize Mr. Chester's hand in the second criticism; but it took much longer to discover Angelina Brunton as the writer of the first.

"Now," said Sally Chester, "if your brains are as tired as mine after writing those criticisms, I am sure that you will be glad to try the game I am going to propose, and which seems, from its name, to be particularly appropriate here," she added, with an arch smile and a bow which included both Angelina and Hector Brunton. "It is called —

"Literati.

"One of the party must go out of the room, while the rest fix upon the name of some distinguished person which contains as many letters as there are players in the game. Each player then chooses some well-known character which he is to personate, and whose name begins with one of the letters in the original word. The individual who has gone out then returns to the room and questions each one in the order in

which the initial letters come, and from his answer guesses the person he represents, remembers the initial letter, and combines it with the others as he guesses them, until the whole name is revealed.

"I am afraid you will think this a stupid explanation; but you will readily see what the game is when we once begin to play it. Mr. Fortescue, will you please be the guesser, and go into the next room for a moment?"

"Certainly, if you rule that it shall be so, Miss Sally."

As Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Fortescue and others were now sitting in the background, Sally counted nine to play the game: "So," she said, "we must select a name that has nine letters in it. Can anybody suggest one?"

"Gladstone?" queried Rodney Owens.

"Thank you; that will do admirably. Now, Mr. Chester, you must select a character whose name begins with G, and be prepared to answer any questions that Mr. Fortescue may ask you about your assumed self. Aspasia, the *l* will come to you, the *a* to Clara, the *d* to Mr. Owens, the *s* to Angelina, the *t* to Arthur, the *o* to Cecilia, the *n* to Hector, and the *e* to me. If you are all ready, I will call Mr. Fortescue. Begin with Mr. Chester, if you please," she said to that

gentleman as he entered the room and approached Mr. Chester.

"Well, Chester, are you a real or a fictitious character?"

"I am fictitious, but I am founded on fact, I believe."

"Are you male or female?"

"Female."

"Where did you live?"

"In Italy."

"By what fact in your history are you best known?"

"Humph! Well, that is a poser. I once put myself into a pretty bad box."

At this point Arthur laughed, and whispered to Cecilia Owens: "I have guessed father's woman."

After a few more questions Mr. Fortescue moved on to Aspasia Brunton.

"Miss Aspasia, are you living at this moment?"

"Oh, no! I died forty or fifty years ago."

"In what country did you live?"

"In France."

"Are you a man or woman?"

"I am, or was, a man."

"Do you live in history?"

"I do."

"To which class of men do you belong, — to the knaves, or heroes?"

"To the heroes."

"Were you distinguished in peace, or in war?"

"More particularly in war."

"Why did you choose this character?"

Sally Chester was on the point of objecting to this, as too leading a question; but before she could do so, Aspasia answered: "Because you Americans owe me an especial debt of gratitude."

"Ah, yes! I think I see the cat's ears," said Mr. Fortescue, as he moved on to question his daughter Clara. After he had completed the circle he said: "I think the word must be 'Gladstone:' I make out all the characters but yours, Chester, — Lafayette, Queen Anne, Dickens, Shakspeare, Tom Thumb, Ophelia, Napoleon, and Queen Eleanor; but who is your G? You did not seem to know much about her yourself."

Mr. Chester could not resist singing the refrain of "Oh, the Mistletoe Bough!"

"Poor Ginevra, she did put herself into a bad box!" exclaimed Mr. Fortescue.

"That was what I guessed it on," said Arthur.

Mr. Fortescue took his seat, while Rodney Owens went out to take his turn as questioner.

Some of the others joined in this game, which

proved very amusing, as even those who knew the first letter of the word found it difficult to guess the characters described.

"This game shows how some people are better guessers than others," said Eustace Brunton.

"I think we are all very good guessers," said Mr. Fortescue. "Surely our wits ought to be sharpened by playing these games. Yet I venture to say none of us have yet guessed the mysterious Riddle given us at our first meeting."

"Who is responsible for that?" asked Aunt Cecilia. "I have lain awake nights trying to guess it."

Everybody looked at Rodney Owens, who bore the united gaze with composure, and then confessed that he did not know the answer himself; the Riddle was sent him by "somebody" near Philadelphia, and he had brought it forward because he thought some of this brilliant party ought to guess it!

"I am so stupid," said Cecilia, "that I have not guessed the Charade we had last time."

"I believe it is the first Charade I ever guessed," said Sally Chester; "but I don't quite understand about the horse."

"*Shylock* could not find horses to be cruel to in Venice!" explained Mr. Fortescue. "If there had been any, doubtless he would have come

under the censure of the Cruelty to Animals Society."

"But what lock did any pope have to do with?" asked Mrs. Chester.

"Oh, my dear!" answered Mr. Chester, "are you so forgetful of your poets? And do you not remember what one Pope had to do with the Rape of a Lock? By the way, here is a —

"Conundrum: —

"Which of the poets will most claim the attention of posterity? The poet Gray, because

> "'Each human head, in time, 't is said,
> Will turn to him, though he be dead.'"

"I should like to give you a Charade," said Aunt Cecilia, "if you will accept it as my Fagot. It is not absolutely new, but I think it is not well known, and I consider it absolutely perfect, and ought to be easily guessed, as it represents one of the heroes of history;" and she gave this —

Charade: —

Not great in stature, small indeed,
His name still spreads abroad;
Where others stand for punishment,
He sat to reap reward.

A sacred season's gift he held, —
Fruit of long expectation;
And midway in his bliss he paused
For calm self-approbation.

"You ought to guess it, Arthur," said Aspasia, "as I think you would like to imitate him."

"A hero in history!" exclaimed Arthur.

"I am afraid Arthur is not familiar enough with the place where 'others stand for punishment,'" said Mr. Chester.

"You mean the corner," said Cecilia Owens.

"Oh, Jack Horner!" exclaimed Arthur.

Aspasia at this moment introduced Miss Lester, one of the young ladies who was spending the winter at the Bruntons', in order to go to the Boston University, and who had consented to furnish a Fagot, which she presented as —

A Skeleton Story.

"You need not shudder," she said, "for there is nothing very ghost-like about it; but the game is played in this way: —

"One person writes the story, which, you will see, may be merely a sketch, where it is well to introduce many of the names of individuals who are present; but spaces must be left wherever adjectives would be used. Before reading the story to the audience the writer must request an adjective from each person present in turn, which is to be written in as it comes, in each space thus left vacant; after which the story will be read aloud.

"Miss Aspasia," she went on, "has requested me to write this sketch; and I will now call upon you to furnish me with adjectives."

Pencil in hand, she first appealed to Mr. Fortescue, who gave her "eccentric;" the next person offered "atrocious," the next, "lovely;" and so on, until all the spaces were filled, and she read aloud the story, premising,—

"I hope you will remember that I did not furnish the epithets, but that you are responsible for them.

"'A most *eccentric* party assembled at the *atrocious* Mrs. Brunton's, and each *lovely* visitor brought his or her *ridiculous* Fagot. The *mendacious* Mr. Brunton had determined to pay no attention to the *emblematic* company, and was sitting in a distant corner of the large *far-fetched* drawing-room, in a morose, *grumpy* manner, with his *obsolete* newspaper. But the *fortuitous* sounds of the *surly* games so distracted him that he was obliged to join in the *golumptious* festival. The *fastidious* Mrs. Fortescue, always *agreeable*, of course, lent her *greedy* share, while the *learned* Mr. Chester, as ever, created a general *mysterious* laugh whenever he opened his *obstinate* mouth.

"'Scarcely had the *transcendent* festivities begun, when a *jejune* sound was heard in the

front of the *green* house, where the *ornamental* assembly was thrown into a *spirited* confusion. Was it the *pensive* music of a *lofty* grinding organ or of a *characteristic* street-organ; or was it the *vivacious* London mob which had adjourned to this *gracious* country in order to assist in this *noble* Fagot-party? The *unexpected* Aunt Maria, always a little timid and cautious, suggested locking up the silver; the *magnanimous* Aunt Cecilia proposed lowering the *pensive* gas; the *sardonic* Mr. Hector thought of addressing the *voluntary* multitude from the *long-winded* balcony; the *sentimental* Mrs. Chester suggested that perhaps all the *graceful* guests had better go home. Mr. Chester, even, who fancied that a menagerie was loose, and that hyenas were approaching, proposed getting out of the back windows; while *hilarious* Cecilia Owens and her *esoteric* friend Sally Chester got up on tables with *significant* agility. The *ironical* Mr. Erastus and *fallacious* Mr. Eustace seized the *satirical* poker and *grasping* tongs, and stood before the *ugly* parlor doorway, which promised to be the first point of *gallant* attack. Those of the *absurd* ladies who had not mounted upon the *saturnine* chairs and tables hid themselves behind screens, and all awaited the onset. The gloomy party were in

some measure relieved when the *preternatural* enemy at length appeared.

"'It consisted of the *irrepressible* Timothy Brunton and a number of his *emblematic* friends, taking this method of coming in at the door of the Fagot-party, with perhaps a prospective *impromptu* idea of ice-cream.'"

Just at the close of the reading of the story, which had been received with applause, a war-whoop from the actual Timothy as he came up the stairs was received with added enthusiasm. He came in with the ice-cream, which formed the close of the Fagot-party.

FIFTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

DOUBLETS. — TIERCE. — CONUNDRUM. — MINISTER'S CAT. — ALLITERATION. — RIDDLE. — MRS. PLINLIMMINS'S TEA.

THE Bruntons had earnestly begged to have the Fagot-party again. It entertained their large household so agreeably that they would gladly receive it every week. Theirs was an easy house to go to, so a large party assembled. Mr. Erastus, as he was usually called, presented the first Fagot. He was the son of an old friend of Mrs. Brunton, and was passing the winter at her house.

"I suppose," he said, "I need not apologize for introducing the game I propose, since it was originated by so great a favorite as Lewis Carroll, the author of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland;' and I find that it is not a familiar game, though I have played it with much interest since reading his little book about it, published some years ago. The game is called —

"Doublets.

"'The rules of the puzzle are simple enough. Two words are proposed, of the same length; and the puzzle consists in linking these together by interposing other words, each of which shall differ from the next word in *one letter only*. That is to say, one letter may be changed in one of the given words, then one letter in the word so obtained, and so on, till we arrive at the other given word. The letters must not be interchanged among themselves, but each must keep to its own place. As an example, the word "head" may be changed into "tail" in this way:

H e a d
h e a l
t e a l
t e l l
t a l l
T a i l

"'It is perhaps needless to state that it is *de rigueur* that the links should be English words such as might be used in good society. The easiest Doublets are those in which the consonants in one word answer to consonants in the other, and the vowels to vowels; "head" and "tail" constitute a doublet of this kind.'

"This description," continued Mr. Erastus,

" is Lewis Carroll's own, and his book gives the following rules, which I put together for our game: —

"'1. The words given to be linked together constitute a "Doublet," the interposed words are the "links," and the entire series a "chain." The object is to complete the chain with the least possible number of links.

"'2. Each word in the chain must be formed from the preceding word by changing one letter in it, and one only. The substituted letter must occupy the same place in the word so formed which the discarded letter occupied in the preceding word, and all the other letters must retain their places.

"'3. To score for a game: A number of marks will be apportioned to each Doublet equal to the number of letters in the two words given. For example, in this instance of "Head" and "Tail," the number of possible marks to be gained would be eight; and this maximum will be gained by each competitor who makes the chain with the least possible number of changes. If it be assumed in this instance that the chain cannot be completed with less than the four links given, then those who completed it with four links only will receive eight marks, while a mark will be

deducted for every link used beyond four. Any competitor using five links would score seven marks, any competitor using eight links would score four, and any using twelve links or more would score nothing.'"

Aspasia had been providing pencils and paper for the numerous guests.

"How are we to go to work?" asked Mrs. Fortescue.

"Please show how you do it once!" begged Cecilia Owens.

"Here is a very simple one," said Mr. Erastus: "turn Cat into Dog, in this way. With the first change of one letter only, make 'cot' of 'cat,' then 'dot' of 'cot;' and one more change makes 'dot' into 'dog.' This requires only two links, and would count six, assuming this to be the smallest number of links possible. Another person might make cat, cot, con, don, dog, giving an additional link, which would oblige him to lose one mark, and he would only count five.

"These Doublets," Mr. Erastus explained, "were originally given in successive numbers of 'Vanity Fair,' published in London, and have since been printed by Lewis Carroll in a little volume, including a Glossary of words that can be used. Its title is 'Doublets, a Word-Puzzler,' by Lewis Carroll. His real

name, you know, is C. Lutwidge Dodgson. I will read you from his letter that first introduced them in 'Vanity Fair.' I find it agreeable to have one of these Doublets on hand to work over. He says: —

"'Just a year ago last Christmas two young ladies — smarting under that sorest scourge of feminine humanity, 'the having nothing to do' — besought me to send them 'some riddles.' But riddles I had none at hand, and therefore set myself to devise some other form of verbal torture which should serve the same purpose. The result of my meditations was a new kind of puzzle, — new, at least, to me, — which, now that it has been fairly tested by a year's experience and commended by many friends, I offer to you as a newly gathered nut, to be cracked by the omnivorous teeth which have already masticated so many of your Double Acrostics.'

"Perhaps some of you can tell me," continued Erastus, "what he means in saying: 'I am told there is an American game involving a similar principle. I have never seen it, and can only say of its inventors, *pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*!'"

"He must mean," exclaimed Cecilia Owens, "my mother's beloved game of 'Word-making.' She plays it every night; and when you meet at

our house, as I hope you will soon, you will have to begin with that game, as she always insists upon it."

"But how are we to start upon this?" asked Mr. Fortescue.

"I think it a good way," said Erastus, "to write down the Doublets side by side; then I make my experiments in columns. In this way I try with each word what change can be made. For instance, in the first Doublet I will give you, turn 'pig' into 'sty,' I should put down the two words side by side. I want to turn *p* into *s*; so 'sit' suggests itself, and I interpose 'pit,' turning 'pig' into 'pit.' I want to put in a vowel for the middle letter, so under 'sty' I write 'say.' This gives

Pig	Sty.
Pit,	say,
sit,	sat,

directly suggest themselves in each column, and you thus get Pig, pit, sit, sat, say, Sty."

"I am eager to try," said Mr. Chester.

Erastus then proceeded to give out some Doublets, some of which he had tried himself, and some of which were new to him, which he had taken from Lewis Carroll's book. The following were tried in turn with varied success: Dip "pen" into "ink" (5 links). Cover "eye" with "lid." This could be done with only three

links. Make "tea" "hot" (3 links). Among the harder ones were: Make the "poor" "rich" (5 links); turn the "army" into "navy" (7 links); and "Cain" into "Abel" (8 links); "blue" into "pink" (9 links); turn "ape" into "man" (5 links). These were tried in their order, with varied success. Cecilia Owens, Angelina, and Mr. Fortescue counted up the most marks.

We defer the solutions till another chapter, that our readers may have an opportunity to discover them.

The shorter ones were quickly guessed. There was some trouble over "pen" and "ink," till it was found the word "e'en" would be allowed. Mrs. Chester thought it difficult to find any words, and Clara Fortescue could not understand what it was all about, and declared if you wanted to call blue pink, she did n't see why you should n't do so without all that trouble.

"But do you not see the wit involved in the changes?" asked Mr. Fortescue. "In the changing from blue to pink, do you not see that you have to pass through the word 'flag'?"

"I am glad you recognize this," said Erastus. "If we had not already given so much time to this, I should like to show you the changes of

'rogue' into 'beast;' they are, as you say, so witty."

"Do not tell us," said Mr. Fortescue; "let us take it home, to work out the solution ourselves."

"You will find it difficult," said Erastus; "there are ten links. Indeed, the motto of 'Doublets' is —

"'Double, double
Toil and trouble.'"

"Now, after all this intense mental exertion," said Mrs. Fortescue, "I, for one, should like a good romping game. Oh! Aunt Cecilia, you have not given us your Fagot yet. Can't you suggest something that will stir us up and give us a little bodily exercise?"

"I recall one romping game that I was fond of when I was a child. I learned it, I remember, from my beloved 'Girl's Own Book,' which in those days seemed an inexhaustible fountain of delightful suggestions. It was called —

"Tierce, or Touch the Third.

"The company must stand two and two in a circle, excepting in one place, where they stand three deep," and she made a diagram upon the paper she held in her hand; "thus: —

"One person stands outside of the circle, and is on no account allowed to go within it. The object is to touch the third one, wherever she may stand; but when he attempts this, she darts into the circle and takes her place before some of the others. Then the third one, who stands behind her, becomes the object; but she likewise slips into the circle, and takes her place in front of another. The pursuer is thus led from point to point in the circle; for he must always aim at one who forms the outside of a row of three. Any one caught, changes places with the pursuer."

"Mr. Fortescue will recognize the old game of Fox and Geese," continued Aunt Cecilia.

"Capital!" exclaimed Aspasia; "that will be just the thing! Come, my friends, take your places in the circle."

The younger members of the family quietly obeyed this summons; but the older ones looked at each other doubtfully.

"One advantage of this game is," said Aunt Cecilia, "that it can be done without much real romping."

"Well, Chester, what do you say?" asked Mr. Fortescue.

"Oh! let us try, and see what we can do. Perhaps we may find a little of the old fire smouldering yet in the ashes."

Some persuasion was needed to induce the matrons of the party to join the ranks of the runners; but they were all soon taken possession of by the spirit of the game. The large hall into which the parlors opened, proved an admirable place for it.

Aunt Cecilia proved so agile in this game that there was soon an effort made to keep her always outside. But this was very difficult. She could even outrun Timothy, with an unexpected quickness that entertained them all. For they had scarcely begun upon the game before Timothy and a party of his young friends appeared upon the scene, a little earlier than on the last occasion, and they were delighted to find something going on in which they could take part.

In the midst of it all Mr. Chester broke out with this —

Conundrum.

"Why does this smooth parqueted floor require skill in music?"

"Because if you don't C sharp, you will B flat."

"I know that I am A natural for playing this game," said Mr. Fortescue, who had entered into the hilarity of the occasion with as much zest as the youngest.

When, however, the laughter and exercise had quite taken away their breath, Cecilia Owens proposed that they should seat themselves on the comfortable sofas and chairs that were standing invitingly about, while she explained to them a game that she and Rodney had concocted the other day, when they were detained in the railroad car by a freight-train which was off the track.

"I suppose," she began, "that you have all played 'I love my love with an A, because she is Amiable; I hate her with an A, because she is Avaricious,' etc. The brilliant idea occurred to us to see how long a story we could make of words beginning with the same letter, and we decided to try the letter *a*."

"Like the Minister's Cat," exclaimed Sally Chester. "You know one person begins, 'The minister's cat is Artful,' and the rest have to go on with words all beginning with the same

letter, — Avaricious, perhaps the next one says; then Æsthetic, Angelic, till you use up all the A's; and those who can't think of a word drop out of the game —."

"But, my dear," said Mr. Chester, "Miss Owens is giving us her Fagot. Don't let us have a brush between you. Miss Cecilia has the floor."

"I was only going on to say," said Cecilia, "that we found the exercise so entertaining that I promised it to Aspasia to-night for my Fagot. I have the production with me: shall I read it to you as an illustration of the game?"

"Oh, do, by all means!" responded many voices.

Cecilia then read as follows: "I call the game," she said, —

"Alliteration.

"An angry assembly adjourned, after an animated altercation, asking anxiously about an awkward antecedent, arising as accidentally as alarmingly, after an ardent attack, astonishing all attendants. Arthur Astor admired Archibald Atkins's apt answer, as Alfred Anthony announced an astounding antithesis, and annoyed all attending adherents."

The company were enthusiastic in their approval of this story, and were eager to begin their own efforts.

"He wins the game whose story gives the highest count of different words," Cecilia explained.

After one or two successful trials of the game in this form, Rodney Owens proposed that some well-known anecdote should be narrated by all, following the same rules, and suggested the story of the youthful George Washington and his hatchet. After a little discussion, *t* was decided upon for the initial letter, as giving a better chance than most others for prepositions and pronouns. There was some opposition to undertaking such a preposterous thing; but at last the faint-hearted took courage, and all went manfully to work. The results of their labors were handed to Mr. Owens, who read them aloud. The three specimens which follow were considered on the whole to be the best, — No. 1 for its brevity; No. 2 for the number and variety of its words; and No. 3 for its great dramatic power: —

No. 1. THE TRUTHFUL TOT. — The truthful tot truncated the tree. "Tell truly, truncated thee this tree, twirling this tool?"

"To tell the truth, 't is true!"

No. 2. THE TREE THAT TOTTIE THWACKED. — They tooted the tin trumpet to tell them to transport themselves to the tea-table. There tea, toast,

tongue, tiny toothsome things transferred to treacle, tried to tempt their taste.

The taskmaster turns threateningly to Tottie: "Tell the truth, Tottie, this time. The tree that these tiny treacled things thronged, 't is thwacked to tatters. Think'st thou thy trenchant truncheon thwacked the tree to tatters?"

"Tender taskmaster, tell-tale truth transfuses thy Tottie's tongue. Thy Tottie takes truth's transcendent track. 'T was thy Tottie's trenchant truncheon that thwacked the tree to tatters!"

No. 3. THE THRICE-TOLD TALE. — THE TREE. — TWO TALK TOGETHER. — (The tiny talker.) "Time to take tea?"

(The tall talker testily.) "That tree, that tree!"

(Temptation tries the tiny talker.) "That tree, that tree, tumbled."

Truth triumphs, the tempter takes the train. The tiny talker tells the tall talker the thing totally, truthfully. Tradition transcends truth.

"I thought you always had Riddles at these parties," said Timothy to Clara Fortescue. "I like to guess Riddles, particularly when I can, and when they are as good as that one about Jack Horner, that you had last time."

"I have a Riddle that these stories remind me of," answered Clara.

"We must have it," said Angelina. "I was wondering who would give us —

"A Riddle."

"Here it is," said Clara; "and I think the boys will like it: —

"My *First* of the garden smacks,
My *Second* of woodland whacks;
Sturdy and true,
Are these two
Homely old-fashioned facts.
My *Whole* would appear
To be sincere,
But is not, for truth it lacks."

"Before you go," said Aspasia, "do let us have a game of —

"Mrs. Plinlimmins's Tea.

"This game begins with the announcement of the first player that 'Mrs. Plinlimmins does not like Tea.' The next person inquires what she prefers; and the next to him must reply with some article of food or drink in which the letter *t* does not appear. For instance, she cannot have potatoes, or toast, or tarts, but she can drink coffee or cocoa. Any one who gives a word containing the letter *t* is counted out. If the objection to the letter is not known by most of the players, very many are counted out early in the game. Later on, those who remain discover the test."

SIXTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE. — CHARADE. — CRAMBO. — COMET TRICK. — DUMB CRAMBO. — WIGGLES.

THE Fagot-party assembled once more at Mrs. Fortescue's. Two young nephews were staying with her, and she wanted to make use of their talents and capabilities for entertainment. But, as strangers, she did not call upon them first, and summoned Rodney Owens to bring out his Fagot.

"I want my nephews," said Mrs. Fortescue, "to see what is the style of our intellectual entertainment; and then they can furnish us some variety upon it."

Sally Chester begged first to be allowed to make up her Charade Book that she was arranging. "I propose to put in the solutions to the Doublets we had last time, before we forget them."

Many others of the party wanted a copy of answers to Doublets, which will be given in another chapter.

Sally Chester had the answer to the Riddle given at the last party. Arthur and Cecilia had guessed it on the way home.

"Cecilia guessed the 'Hoe,' and I guessed the 'Axe,'" explained Arthur; "and we invented this 'poetical' answer: —

"With a Hoe or an Axe
You can give hearty whacks;
And then if for fun
You will put both in one,
There are curious folks
Who will call it a Hoax."

"Somebody has proposed 'Season' as the answer for the mysterious Charade," said Mrs. Fortescue.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Fortescue, "uttered by a mother at the sea-shore, bathing with her family, and regretting her youthful successes."

"Let me give an additional Charade," said Aspasia Brunton, — "a truly original one, never given or guessed before; and you can try it while the other answers are being written down: —

"Charade.

"My *First* may become either beggar or king,
Or what you will think a most wonderful thing, —
A blundering housemaid or lady of ease,
A sinner or saint, or whatever you please.

"Less suited to warm up the heart than the head,
There is for my *Second* much good to be said;
It holds among poets an eminent place,
And from every new subject it takes a new face.

"But whether I 'm monarch, or beggar, or dame,
No matter how lightly they 've valued the same,
Let them but lose it, they think, on their soul,
There never was treasure so dear as my *Whole*."

"Pencils and paper to the front, my friends," said Rodney Owens, "for I am going to invite you to play the writing game of

"Crambo.

"Each one of the company must be provided with a small sheet of paper and two inch-square bits. At the head of the sheet each player must write a question, and then fold the paper through the middle so as to conceal the writing. He must also write a word on each of the two small bits and fold them in a similar manner. The questions are then all put into one receptacle, and the words into another, and are afterwards handed to each player, who draws, at random, a question and two words. The game consists in making an answer to the question, in rhyme, introducing into it the two words which have been drawn. These words must be indicated by a line marked underneath."

"What sort of questions must we ask?" queried Aunt Cecilia.

"Anything you choose,—the more absurd the better."

"Must the words we write have any connection with our question?" asked Arthur Chester.

"Just as you please. The chances are that the words will get separated from their legitimate question, so it does not matter what you write."

The questions and words were soon written and distributed, and were read with laughter and exclamations of dismay; and on all sides declarations were heard: "Oh, I never can get these words into my answer!" or, "Gracious! here is a word I never heard of; I shall have to guess at its meaning. I suppose I shall betray myself as the writer if I ask for any information." Silence, however, soon settled down upon the party. Some of the more inexperienced writers were seen counting out the syllables on their fingers, and those who finished their task first, were vehemently entreated by their less fortunate neighbors not to speak, for fear of distracting their minds. When the papers were all finished, they were given to Rodney Owens to read aloud, while the listeners tried to guess the author of each one.

We give below some examples of the success of the players in overcoming the difficulties of the game: —

Question. — Where has your back-hair gone?
Words. — Nihilist; catastrophe.

One day I went to Russia,
For the world I wished to see;
And there a plotting *Nihilist*
Laid violent hands on me.

Alas! that plotting Nihilist
Laid violent hands on me;
And soon there followed hard upon,
A sad *catastrophe.*

Such a terrible catastrophe,
I wished I 'd not been born;
For they put me in a convict's dress,
And my back-hair was gone!

Question. — What is your name?
Words. — Apollo; melancholy.

Apollo is my favorite name;
I 'm *melancholy* quite,
To think I was not born a boy,
And named Apollo Wright.

Question. — Is life worth the living?
Words. — Sun-flower; switched.

To one who reposes
On lilies and roses,
Who crowns all the hours
With æsthetic *sun-flowers,*
Life may be thought worth the living.

But to him who is pitched
Out of doors and well *switched*,
Who is hungry and cold,
And hates young and old,
'T would hardly be thought worth the giving.

Question. — Have you seen the comet?
Words. — Symphony; calf.

They saw the comet's streaming tail and head, —
A *symphony* of color in the sky;
They called to me, I would not leave my bed,
So missed its glory, — such a *calf* was I!

Question. — Should you prefer being married in San Francisco or Japan?
Words. — Hungry, and Forget-me-nots.

Were I to marry in Japan,
I 'm much afraid my slant-eyed man
Might make me live on little mice,
Fried or boiled, and served with rice.

But in my own, my native land,
My Yankee spouse would not command
His *hungry* wife to try such food, —
He 'd know she would not find it good.

A more æsthetic taste he 'd try
First to awake, and then supply;
He 'd send me books and music new,
Forget-me-nots and roses too.

To San Francisco then I 'll go
With a fascinating youth I know, —
I 'm sure he is a nicer man
Than could be found in all Japan.

"What can we do," said John Minturn to his brother, "to come up to the brilliant efforts of our friends?"

"I think we have already recognized some of your efforts," said Mr. Chester, "in the witty poems you have given us."

"But why should not we have," asked Reginald Minturn, "some '*Dumb* Crambo'? I never understood why the game should have the same name as Writing Crambo, except that it has to do with rhymes."

"Writing Crambo is sometimes called *Bouts Rimés*," said Rodney Owens.

"And in Dumb Crambo you act the rhymes," said Reginald, "in scenes where the actors must not speak, but carry out the meaning of their word in pantomime. It is very different from the writing game."

"Ah! give us the rules of the game," said Mrs. Fortescue, "and we will try it. We have to-night a full force of young people to do our acting."

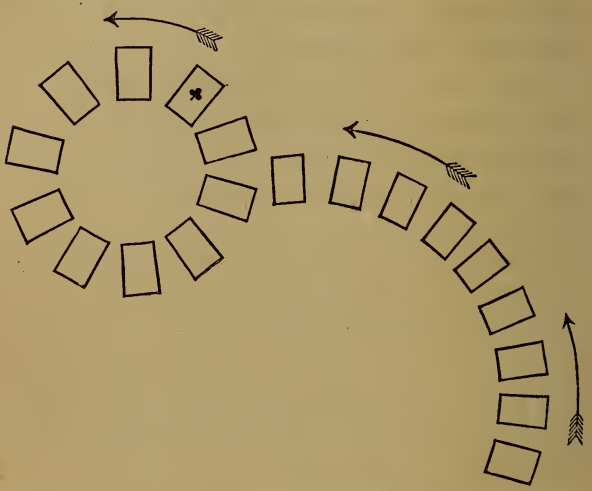
"I should like first," said John Minturn "to show you a puzzle with cards, or a trick, if you choose to call it so, if you have not had it before. I call it the 'Comet Trick.'"

"Do let us see it," said Aspasia.

John Minturn gave the rules of the —

Comet Trick.

"Lay out on the table any convenient number of cards, in a form supposed to represent a comet; thus: —



being careful to make a distinct separation between the head and the tail of your figure. I will then go out of the room, and one of you must fix upon any number you choose, greater than the number of cards in the tail, and then count that number upon the cards in this way. Supposing the number fixed upon to be thirty-one. You must begin your count at the end of the tail, counting each card in that and into the top of the head, continuing to count round the

head until you have counted thirty-one. Then, calling that card one, you must count back round the head until you have again counted thirty-one. Carefully note which card your count ends upon, — in this case it is the ace of clubs, — and when I return to the room I can tell which it is."

After making a slight alteration in the number of the cards, he left the room, and Mr. Fortescue counted twenty-five upon the cards, carefully following the directions, pointing out to all the company that the king of diamonds was the card that his last count had ended with. He then recalled John Minturn, who walked up to the table, and after scarcely a moment's thought put his finger upon the king of diamonds, — to the great surprise and mystification of the rest of the party. He then offered to go out again, telling them that he would change the arrangement of the cards as before, or that one of them, before fixing upon a number, might do so, after he had left the room, making the head of the comet smaller and the tail longer, or *vice versa;* and that even then he would be able to indicate the right card. This was done, another count made, and John Minturn again recalled. After but a moment's hesitation he put his finger on the ace of hearts; and again this designation proved to be correct.

He was now beset on every side to tell how the trick was done; and after a few more trials of his skill he consented to disclose his secret:

"When I came back into the room I counted first the number of cards in the tail; then I counted backwards in the head as many cards as there were in the tail, — which gave me the right card. For instance, when I first arranged the cards" (see illustration), "there were nine in the tail; I began at the end of the head farthest from the tail, and counted backwards, always keeping in the head nine cards. The ninth one was the one that my original count ended with. The count would always end upon the same card, no matter what number was chosen, if the arrangement of the number of cards in the head and tail is not altered."

A few more trials were made with this explanation.

"And now for the acting game," exclaimed Sally Chester.

Reginald Minturn proceeded to explain —

Dumb Crambo.

The company must be divided into two parties, one of which is to go out of the room. The other party must think of a word which is to be guessed by the party outside, who will have a

clew to the word by being told some word that it rhymes with, and the party who has gone out is to attempt to represent in pantomime the word which has been given.

Clara Fortescue was one of the party of willing actors who went out first, as she could assist in finding the properties necessary for dressing up and for scenic effects; and they soon declared themselves prepared for the word they were to guess. Mr. Chester announced it as rhyming with the word "line." After a short preparation the young men of the *dramatis personæ* all flocked into the part of the room assigned them near the door, on all fours, clumsily rambling about, and making a most disconsolate mooing.

"It is not *kine*, it is not *kine*," exclaimed the observers; and the troop receded.

"I should hardly call that effort a pantomime," said Mr. Chester; "but I should not wish to criticise so admirable a performance."

"And pray let us not recognize their guesses too soon," said Mrs. Fortescue; "let us see a whole scene through,— we ought not to lose any of the representation."

For the next scene, Clara Fortescue came in with neat white apron and cap, and drawing out a small table, proceeded to lay upon it a tablecloth and plates. Three of the actors came in

and seated themselves, and busied themselves with knives and forks, till somebody exclaimed: "No, it is not *dine*."

An elaborate representation of a fire-engine got up by Reginald, — the rest of the actors being a terrified crowd, through which he hurried wildly, was pronounced not to be the word.

Two or three young ladies came in to represent a vine clinging to each other, — first crouching on the ground, then rising gradually, stretching out their arms, and spreading their fingers; and presently Reginald appeared with a basket and pair of scissors, and, in an unexpected way, found bunches of grapes hanging from their fingers.

"It is not *vine*, it is not *vine*," the spectators reluctantly confessed, as they were sorry to put an end to the scene.

The next scene took a long time to prepare, and gave Mr. Fortescue an opportunity to perfect himself in the comet trick.

When the door was opened, a train of figures entered, all in female dress, in long, flowing garments, — purple, red, yellow, blue, — artistically arranged. One bore a mask and a shepherd's crook; another carried a scroll in one hand; one on tiptoe, crowned with flowers, lifted a tambourine above her head as she danced into the room; another, wearing a wreath of laurel, held

a trumpet in one hand; another, with a crown of flowers, held a flute; another had a tragic mask upraised in her hand; the next came with a cithara; and the next, half-veiled, held the finger of her right hand on her lips; while the last came in poising a large celestial globe in one of his hands, for, though clad in female garments, the figure holding it must have been possessed of manly strength.

In low tones Mr. Chester counted them one by one as they ranged themselves side by side in classic attitudes.

Mr. Fortescue at last said: "In pity to Urania, trembling with the weight of his celestial globe, we ought to say it is not the tuneful *nine!*"

"But do stay a while," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, "for us to admire your marvellous costumes. Where did you find them, masks and all?"

"They have been family property for a long time," explained Clara Fortescue, who stepped lightly forward, tambourine in hand, as Terpsichore; "but Reginald painted in the comic and tragic expressions."

Room now had to be made for the actors in the next scene, — a set of young men who appeared in rough costumes, with pickaxes and shovels in their hands, and seemed so ready to attack Mrs. Fortescue's carpet and rugs that she

exclaimed eagerly: "You are right; it is, it is a *mine.*"

The next party of actors had occasion for some very simple scenes; and Reginald added this further advice for playing the game: —

"Do not attempt to give out words difficult to act, under the idea that you want to try the capacities of those who are to represent it. On the contrary, for the pleasure of the game you want to bring out a great variety of scenes, that shall take time as well as talent to represent, and therefore pick out a word that has a large number of rhymes."

While the actors were preparing for this last scene some others had been amusing themselves with the game of —

Wiggles.

Some one in the company marks on a bit of paper a crooked or straight line. The others copy this line, and each one must develop it into a picture, so that the line forms part of a finished picture. The "Wiggles" should be outlined more strongly than the rest. An amusing variety of sketches is obtained. These valuable sketches were interrupted, as some of the artists were called out to assist as the "tuneful nine;" but before leaving, a variety of pictures were shown, — all suggested by the same "Wiggle."

SEVENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

WORD-MAKING. — HIDE IN SIGHT. — STOP. — SOLUTIONS TO DOUBLETS. — GOING TO JERUSALEM. — GORILLA.

EARLY in June the Owens had established themselves at a large hotel for the summer. Mrs. Owens was an invalid, and was glad of some quiet days in the large rooms before the crowd appeared; and the Fagot-party was summoned to enjoy a lovely June evening on the broad piazzas of the hotel, which was not yet crowded. But when the evening came, it was one of the New England June evenings of the other sort. Not even the most hardy ventured upon the piazza with the thickest of wraps, for there was nothing to be seen, and only the moist consciousness to be felt of the drip, drip, of a drizzly rain.

"An occasion for Fagots indeed," said Mr. Fortescue as they gathered round a cheerful wood-fire glowing in the large fireplace.

"And an occasion," said Mr. Chester, "to bring out the summer hotel games, which are needed for the summer evenings, when we have

to stay in-doors by the fire and the lamps, in spite of millers and mosquitoes, — such summer evenings as, I am sorry to say, are frequent in our New England climate."

"How forlorn those people look across the room! They are new arrivals, and I do not believe they know a soul here. Let us invite them to join us in our games," proposed kindly Mrs. Owens, — a suggestion which was cordially acceded to by her party.

"What are our Fagots to be for this evening?" queried Mr. Chester.

"Mamma is eager to introduce you to her favorite game of 'Word-making,' or 'Give and Take,' as we call it," responded Cecilia. "These are the rules for

"**Word-Making, or Logomachy.**

"1. Each player must be furnished with a sufficient number of letters, turned the blank side up.

"2. Each player, in his turn, puts a letter into the middle of the table, and may form a word of not less than four letters from those thus collected, either before or after he adds a new letter from his own store. He may continue to draw new letters so long as he can make use of them in accordance with the rules of the game.

"3. Each person may take away, and add to his own, any word which has been made by another person, if by adding one or more letters it can be turned into a radically different word. A word may not be taken away by changing a verb into its own participle, or a noun into its adjective, although one may make such changes in his own word if he please.

"4. A player may take any word from another player which, without adding a new letter, can, by changing the combination of letters, be made into a new word. A player may protect himself against this loss by declaring the words that can be so made when the first combination of letters is laid upon the table. Rule 3 applies to all words thus declared.

"5. No proper names, or abbreviations, or words not to be found in a standard dictionary, are allowed.

"6. That player beats who first makes ten words; or, if preferred, he beats who, after one of the party has made ten words, can count the greatest number of letters in his words.

"We prefer the last way of reckoning, because it offers a premium on long words, and is better fun. Now, mamma, if you will invite the forlorn party to join us, we will begin. There will be so many of us that we had better have two or

three tables, as it is tiresome to have too many at one."

The strangers gratefully accepted Mrs. Owens's invitation, and the tables were soon arranged. We will follow the fortunes of one, to show how the game was played.

The letters *h*, *c*, *t*, *s*, were lying on the table, when Miss Jones drew an *e*. She went over all the combinations that occurred to her, without being able to make a word, while Mrs. Owens's practised eye soon arranged them into c-h-e-s-t. Mr. Fortescue drew *v*; but there was nothing to be done with that. Mrs. Chester followed with *y*. "There is surely nothing to be done with that," she remarked as she laid it on the table.

"Ah! you were too hasty that time," said Aspasia Brunton. "What does s-c-y-t-h-e spell? I will thank you for your word, Mrs. Owens."

Then followed *r*, *t*, *o*, *g*.

"Will grot be allowed?" asked Mrs. Fortescue.

"No, that is a contraction," answered Mrs. Owens.

Mrs. Chester next drew *e*, and made r-o-t-e. Aspasia Brunton drew *w*, and took it away from her with *w*-r-o-t-e. As Mr. Wyllis looked at the word his face brightened, and as soon as Aspasia had laid her second letter on the table, he eagerly extended his hand and swept her word before

himself, saying, "Excuse me, Miss Brunton, but I can make t-o-w-e-r out of those letters; and, as you did not declare it, I suppose it is mine."

"Certainly, Mr. Wyllis; and I yield it with pleasure to a foeman worthy of my steel."

But it would be tedious to follow the game farther; suffice it to say that the longest word, "predicament," was made by Mrs. Owens, and it underwent the following changes before it arrived at that distinction: D-i-c-e, E-d-i-c-*t*, *P*-*r*-e-d-i-c-t, P-r-e-d-i-c-*a*-t-*e*, P-r-e-d-i-c-a-*m*-e-*n*-t.

Clara Fortescue introduced her promised Fagot by saying: "It was in just such a room as this that I first played a game sometimes called 'Prominent Objects;' but I prefer the name of

"Hide in Sight.

"In this game the whole company have to go out of the room, leaving only one. It is the business of this person to hide a piece of money, — for instance, like this twenty-five-cent piece; only it must not be hidden out of sight. It can be put plainly in view, on the table or the back of a chair. But as the piece is small, it will not readily be seen. The whole company is then ushered in, and everybody begins to look for the piece of money, — usually in the most improbable places. But whoever does find it must make no

exclamation about it, must not even appear to have seen it, but must quietly go and sit down in a chair and say nothing about it. The fun for that person then begins, because it is so entertaining to see how the different people take the discovery they have made. Almost every one gives a little start when he sees it, then looks round to see if anybody saw him start, then recovers himself, and begins to put on a very unconscious, *dégagé* kind of air, looks round a little more, and then sits down. When everybody has found the quarter, of course everybody is sitting down. But the last two or three to find it have a dreadful time of it, because they are watched by all the rest, and their behavior on finding it is, I am sorry to say, apt to be subject of derision.

"That is the old game of Huckle-buckle-beanstalk," said Mr. Jones, "that I used to play in New Jersey; and the last person to find the thing always exclaimed, 'Huckle-buckle-beanstalk!'"

"Oh! let us play it that way," said Clara.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Fortescue to Clara, "where do you propose that we shall go? We none of us want to leave this cheering fire, and we should certainly be lost in the deserted halls."

At this moment it was announced that the moon had appeared, and could be seen over the distant sea; and comfortable wraps were provided, and all but Mrs. Owens were forced out upon the piazza, while it did not take Clara long to place her quarter on the top of one of the round-headed andirons, where it was brilliantly lighted up by the sparkling fire. She soon summoned the party in, shivering in their admiration of the scene outside, and glad to leave even the moon. A great many went directly to the high mantelpiece to look for the piece of money, quite overlooking it below. Mr. Fortescue alone, going to warm his hands, in the first moment saw it. His daughter, who was watching him, saw him give a quiet smile, then turn to walk round the room, coming back to seat himself in front of the fire.

"Mr. Fortescue has found it!" exclaimed Sally Chester; "and — let me see — he was over here by this chess-table. It must be somewhere under the legs of the table."

Mrs. Owens, sitting by the fireplace, was much amused to see how one after another came up to the genial warmth of the fire, then gave a vague glance at the mantelpiece, and then went off to wander round the room. The few who found it, silently went and seated themselves, and, as Clara

had stated, found great enjoyment in watching the wanderings of the rest. Mrs. Owens could not avoid giving an occasional hint when some one now and then closely studied the vases on the mantelpiece, without giving a glance to the brilliantly lighted coin below.

Sally Chester was the very last to seat herself, exclaiming triumphantly, "Huckle-buckle-beanstalk!" amidst the amusement of all the rest. "I never should have found it," she declared, "if it had not been for a kindly glance of dear Mrs. Owens, turning my eyes to the top of the andiron."

"I wish somebody would invent a new round game of cards," said Mr. Chester, "for these chilly winter evenings that we have in the summer."

"If I might venture to offer a Fagot," said Mr. Wyllis, one of the strangers who had joined genially in the previous games, "I should be glad to teach you a game, if you don't know it already, called 'Stop.'"

"I have been wanting to learn it," said Mr. Chester.

Mr. Wyllis then proceeded to give the rule for

Stop.

"Place the honors, including the ten-spot, of

diamonds from a pack not to be used otherwise; thus: —

"Now take another pack, and remove the six-spot and the eight-spot of diamonds. This leaves the seven and nine as 'stop' cards. Provide a pool with an unlimited number of beans or counters of any kind. Each person takes twenty-five counters. Cut for deal, the lowest dealing. The player at the right of the dealer 'dresses' the cards, while the latter is dealing, in this manner: he places, from the dealer's pile, five counters on the ace, four on the king, three on the queen, two on the knave, one on the ten. The dealer meanwhile deals out all the cards, except the eight and six of diamonds, which are set aside and not used at all.

"The player at the left of the dealer begins the game. He lays down a card in front of him. It is best to begin with the lowest of a sequence. Then the player holding the next card in suit

lays down said card in front of himself, and so on until the ace is reached, which is always a *good card*, there being nothing higher. A good card is one of which the next higher one of its suit has been played. The advantage of holding a good card, and remembering it as such when he holds it in his hand, is, that when played, it entitles the player to another lead, and the object is to get rid of all your cards. Supposing a player lays down the eight of clubs, and the suit runs along, nine, ten, etc., in order, whoever holds the seven-spot in his hand should remember that the eight has been played, and that the seven is a good card thereafter; and when his turn comes he can play it, and thereby secure another lead. Though if he hold smaller clubs as well, it would usually be better to lead up to his seven by playing the small cards first, in which way he disposes of more cards. Remember that the five of diamonds is always a *good card*, for the reason that the six is out of the game.

"*Stop-cards*, which are the seven and nine of diamonds, are played thus; namely: —

"Supposing a player leads with the six of clubs, and holds either of the stop-cards. On playing his six of clubs he can say 'Stop!' quickly, before any one can play the seven-spot, put down his stop-card, and lead again with some other

suit. But it would be bad play to use up one's stop-card so suddenly as that. Lead from a suit of which you have several, and *stop* the play with your stop-card when you have played all of that suit you hold, unless there is too great a gap between the value of your cards.

"If you have no cards between, say, the six and king or queen, it would be better to stop at the six rather than run the risk of another player getting in his stop-card before the king is reached. A stop-card cannot be played except after a previous play of the one who holds it.

"The player who gets rid of all his cards first, wins that hand; and each of the others are bound to pay him as many counters as they have cards remaining in their hands. During the game, as the cards are played corresponding with the diamonds exposed in the centre of the table, the counters upon those cards in the centre belong to the player of the corresponding card. On the other hand, when one player has played all his cards, and the hand is done, if the counters have not been swept from the centre cards, the players who still hold the corresponding cards in their hands have to pay on said middle cards one counter for each corresponding card they hold. When one loses all his counters, he borrows twenty-five from the pool,

and a record is kept of it. The possession of the most counters at the close of the game distinguishes the victor."

This game was played with much interest late into the night at two of the large tables in the room, while some of the party busied themselves with the intricacies of Doublets.

We give the promised solutions for the Doublets, as Cecilia Owens found herself explaining the game to Mr. Wyllis, and demanded them of Sally Chester. Mr. Fortescue again took occasion to express his delight at the witty sequence of words connecting "Rogue" and "Beast."

"The next thing," said Mrs. Fortescue, "will be to require a story containing also the connecting words."

"Pray do not add to the intricacies of the game," said Clara Fortescue; "I am one of those who find it sufficiently hard."

Solutions of Doublets.

PEN	EYE	TEA	POOR	ARMY	CAIN	BLUE	APE	ROGUE
e'en	dye	sea	boor	arms	chin	flue	are	vogue
eel	die	set	book	aims	shin	floe	ere	vague
ell	did	sot	rook	dims	spin	flog	err	value
ill	LID	HOT	rock	dams	spun	flag	ear	valve
ilk			rick	dame	spud	flat	mar	halve
INK			RICH	name	sped	feat	MAN	helve
				nave	aped	peat		heave
				NAVY	abed	pent		leave
					ABEL	pint		lease
						PINK		least
								BEAST

Before breaking up, some of the party insisted upon a lively game to close with, and decided upon —

Going to Jerusalem.

For this the players place a row of chairs facing alternately, arranging that there shall be left one more person than there are chairs. Some one plays upon the piano, and the company march around the chairs. When the music stops, everybody sits quickly down. One player is left over, without a seat: he is considered *out*. One of the chairs is then taken away, and the game proceeds, a chair being removed every time one player is left out. At last one chair is left to be struggled for by the remaining players.

The large parlor of the hotel was very suitable for this game, and a lively party kept it up till a late hour.

A game was introduced by one of the hotel guests, to be played the next day, which proved a rainy one, suitable for the exciting game of

Gorilla.

One of the company is chosen by counting out, and becomes the Gorilla. He directly begins to chase the rest of the party, and each player must continually hoot and shout, to show he is not the Gorilla, who is always silent. The person caught becomes Gorilla.

EIGHTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

POTATO RACE. — MEAL-BAG RACE. — THREE-LEGGED RACE. — BEAN-BAG CONTEST. — CLOTHES-PINS. — SHOUTING POETS. — QUOTATIONS. — CONUNDRUMS. — CHARADE. — PROBLEMS. — ACTED SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

IT was on the broad stretch of a beautiful beach that the eighth Fagot-party met. Mr. and Mrs. Chester found that they could summon easily all the members of the party in July to the seaside hotel where they were passing the summer. Mr. Chester declared that Fagots were needed at such a time as well as in winter, to light the fire under the kettle for cooking the chowder. The Owens party came perfectly well from their summer abiding place, bringing with them Mr. Wyllis, the Smiths, Mr. Jones, etc. The Bruntons appeared in their yacht, and the Fortescues were down for a few weeks' stay with their son Tom, at home with them for the holidays.

"We have given over to Tom," said Mrs. Fortescue, "the management of the Fagots of

our family, as he proposes, with his friends, to show us some athletic games suitable for the seashore and beach."

"One of their 'athletic games,' so called," said Mr. Fortescue, "which they indulged in yesterday, I conclude that our guests would hardly care to pursue to-day. They walked down to Quidneck Point — nineteen miles away — and back. But they seem still fresh enough to conduct our sports to-day."

A convenient place for those who were to be the lookers-on of these games was found on the point of rocks that formed one end of the beach, making the part of an admirable amphitheatre.

"What are they doing?" asked Sally Chester, as Tom, Rodney Owens, and others were seen taking a basket of potatoes and some pails to the smooth beach in front of them. "Do we begin our picnic now? I thought we were to have the games first," she exclaimed.

In reply, Tom Fortescue explained the rules of the —

Potato Race.

"A course of about fifty yards is to be marked out, on which the runners are to start, on a line about six feet apart from each other. Along the course of each runner a row of potatoes is

previously placed at equal distances of about five yards. At the starting-point of each runner an empty pail is placed, and his business is to run along the line, pick up one of the potatoes, — any one he chooses, — and carry it back and put it in the pail; then he must go back for each potato separately, making a separate course for each. The runner who has first brought back all the potatoes in his course into his pail wins the game."

The arrangements for this race were quickly made, judges were chosen, and a most amusing struggle followed, as the race was entered into by a number of the young men.

One began by picking up the potato nearest, and going back with it, — which disturbed the runner next him, who saw over his shoulder that his competitor seemed to be filling his pail first; so he stopped at the next potato and ran back with it. One or two grew much confused with this going and coming, and lost time in occasionally dropping a potato. Arthur Chester thought to gain time by flinging his potato into the pail from a distance; but as it fell short of his mark, he had to go back and pick it up again.

Rodney Owens won the race. He steadily kept on to the most distant potato while he was fresh; then his courses grew shorter and shorter,

as his strength and wind were less, and he dropped his last potato into his pail far ahead of the rest.

"I ought to have known as much," said Tom Fortescue; "but I had that nimble little Arthur Chester next me, and I tried racing with him. I think he would have won the race if he had not tried the trick of flinging his potato into the pail."

"This would be excellent practice for the chase of Atalanta," said Mr. Chester, — "doubtless got up with the intent of beating her next time."

The leaders of the games were already preparing for the next course, to be entered upon by some of the young men who had not tried for the potato race. This was the —

Meal-Bag Race.

Some meal-bags are provided for this race, large enough to come up to the chin, and each contestant must have one tied up over his shoulders; and after being lifted and placed at the beginning of the course, he must try his best to outrun his competitors.

This trial created great amusement. Not many entered upon it, and one or two of these collapsed at the outset. The method of progress was by a

series of jumps, and the motions were all most grotesque. The athletic Eustace Brunton won this race, — if race it could be called; it surely was not to the swift, but to the most persevering. Arthur Chester came near winning this. He rolled over at the first start, picked himself up again, gave some gigantic leaps; but at the last could not even extricate himself from his meal-bag without help. The spectators declared themselves as exhausted as the performers, with their laughter at the whole scene.

But after a short rest there was announced the

Three-legged Race.

In this, two contestants run one course, for the right leg of one is tied firmly to the left leg of another, just below the knee and at the ankle. The competitors start at the same time, and the two who hold out the longest win the game.

The contestants were kindly carried to the starting-place and put in an upright position. The unsuccessful efforts of some of them were exceedingly amusing. Mr. Wyllis and Mr. Jones went on with great swiftness, and it appeared they were an "old team" and had practised the art before. The rest plunged to right and left, came down on their knees, and an occasional couple had to be ignominiously picked up. Small

Jack Chester had insisted upon being tied to the tall Hector Brunton, and their struggles were very entertaining.

"It is terribly like married life," Mr. Chester ventured to say within hearing of his wife. "What shipwrecks, to be sure!"

"But see how good-nature carries Jack through with his philosophic partner," said kindly Mrs. Owens, who had been propped up in a comfortable seat of cushions against the rocks.

Arthur Chester, who had been resting after his great efforts in the previous race, amused himself with trying to make a sketch of two of the party, as after his successes in historical pictures he was now wont to adventure in that line. We present the result of his efforts.

"What a pity some of our young ladies should not participate in some of these trials," said Mr. Chester. "If you were only in practice, I should suggest an Atalanta race directly. I have no doubt you are all burning for some competition."

"I foresaw some such suggestion," answered

Cecilia Owens, "and have brought my bean-bags with me for the

"Bean-Bag Contest.

"You see my large basket? I have twenty-four bags in it, — twelve yellow, and twelve deep-wine color, — which you will need for the game. They are eight inches long, and six wide, and each contains half a pint of beans. Begin by choosing your leaders. They must be the most agile members of the party."

Mr. Owens and Mr. Brunton were unanimously elected to fill that important position.

"Now," continued Cecilia, turning to the two young men, "you must choose your constituents. Mr. Owens, will you make the first choice; and Mr. Brunton, will you make the second? and so on alternately, until all the company have been chosen.

"Next, we must find something to serve as tables, upon which to pile our bags, at each end of the line. Ah! here is a flat rock which will do admirably at one end of the course. Mr. Owens, you may stand by it, if you please, with the yellow bags, and Mr. Brunton with the wine-colored ones. Put this hamper on top of these baskets at the other end of the opposite line. Now you leaders must marshal your forces in

two lines, facing each other, extending from the rock to the baskets. At a given signal each leader seizes a bag with one hand, passes it through the other to his neighbor, who passes it from one hand to the other to his neighbor, and so on down the whole line. The last person in the line lays it down on the table; that is, on the baskets. In the mean while the leaders have seized each bag in his pile, in quick succession, and passed them down the lines. When the bags have all reached the end of the lines and been laid on the table, they are set in motion again up the lines to their starting-point. That side scores one whose bags are first gathered in at the starting-point. Then the contest begins again, and is continued until the game is won. That side is victorious which first scores five points."

The game proved very exciting to the players, and the few spectators who had gathered to look on thought it an exhilarating sight as they watched the bright-colored bags flying down the lines, amid the shouts and laughter of the players. Every now and then one would drop, and the unfortunate player would have to stop to pick it up, — to the infinite satisfaction of the opposing party. Their triumph, however, would be short-lived, for in a moment the adverse color would be seen reposing on the sand; but only for an instant. With eager but graceful motions it

would be snatched up and sent hurrying on its way again. The spectators remarked to one another that the girls had never looked so pretty as they did with their sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks and hair tossed about by the sea-breezes.

"There is a variety of this game," said Eustace Brunton, "that gives an added excitement if one is needed. Instead of bean-bags, bundles of clothes-pins can be used, which are more difficult to hold than bean-bags, and so — "

But his words were interrupted by the quick motions of Aspasia, who had left the circle as he began to speak, and who now returned with a basket in her hand, and lifting the cover, she showed that it was full of —

" Clothes-pins.

"I brought them," she explained, "because Cecilia told me of her plan, and I think we shall like to try the game with clothes-pins."

Enough were found to start upon the game, which was played as described in the "Bean-bag" game ; but great amusement was excited by the difficulty of grasping the clothes-pins, — one or another would fall, and the desperate player found it difficult to seize the clothes-pin again ; and indeed the game ended in distracted confusion.

When at last they all sank down on the sand exhausted, and panting with exercise and laughter, they agreed that no game was ever so well calculated to break up formality or stiffness.

"We need practice in that," panted Eustace Brunton.

"As we are all sitting in rows," said Angelina Brunton, "we might try the game of —

"Shouting Poets.

"The company should be placed in two rows, sitting opposite each other. Some one begins with a quotation, and the other side must guess the poet before he finishes reciting. If the guess is wrong, the one who gives it drops from the game; or if the opposite person fails to make answer, he drops from the game. If he guesses right, he must begin immediately with a quotation in his turn, and the shouting on each side must follow continuously without break."

Angelina had scarcely finished her description when Mr. Erastus gave a quotation, which was instantly guessed, and a shower of lines and their authors followed. But after a time so many failed that camp-stools, rocks, baskets that had served for seats, were forsaken, and only a few competitors remained; the ever-unanswered quotation, —

" Though lost to sight, to memory dear,"

being the last.

"We have had such good practice in this," suggested Cecilia Owens, "we might try the reverse form of the game, — where you have to give the quotation when a poet's name is called; the game of —

" Quotations.

"You must seat yourselves in a semicircle, which is a convenient arrangement for the game. Each player chooses some poet for whom he is to respond when called upon. Some one must — I will, if you like — take one of these plates, and, standing before the company, set it spinning upon the ground. I must then call upon one of the poets, when the individual who represents him is required to give a quotation from one of his poems before the plate stops spinning. If he fails to do so, or makes a misquotation, he is obliged to change places with the spinner."

The game proceeded briskly. Shakspeare, Milton, Shelley, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, had readily responded to their summons. Every one was slightly surprised at the ease with which he or she had answered the call, and so many pretty pieces of poetry were repeated as to make it doubtful whether the interest in the

game would not be absorbed in admiration of the verses. Cecilia began to fear that she should never have an opportunity to sink for rest on the invitingly soft sand, when she called upon Byron. Mr. Erastus immediately responded with: —

> "O woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light, quivering aspen made, —
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

They were all on the point of letting this pass, when Mr. Fortescue interposed, saying: "Pardon me, Erastus; if my memory is not greatly at fault, that is Scott's."

Mr. Erastus was positive that it was Byron's; but Mr. Fortescue could place it in "Marmion," and recited with great spirit the passage which preceded it: —

> "And half he murmured: 'Is there none,
> Of all my walls have nurst,
> Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
> Of blessed water from the spring,
> To slake my dying thirst?'"

Mr. Erastus was forced to yield, and apologized for such an unpardonable mistake by explaining that he had been superintending the kettle of chowder which was simmering at the other end

of the beach, and had hastily returned when he gave the quotation.

Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Fortescue, with some of the young men, and with the advice of Aspasia Brunton, had for some time been occupied with the crackling fire and with emptying the baskets that had been laden with provisions for their picnic, as the hotel was too far away to return to for lunch, and it was decided that Mr. Erastus could not be spared to twirl the plate for any more "Quotations."

"On the contrary," Mr. Chester said, "I will invite you all to another contest, and with a plate apiece, at the other end of the beach."

"You will find a very appetizing odor there," said Rodney Owens, who came to help his mother across the beach.

But everybody declared there was nothing the matter with their appetites.

"I have been longing for lunch," said Tom Fortescue, "and thought it a little cruel to put it off with quotations."

It was astonishing how soon the party were arranged around the tempting repast.

"There is always a question about chowder," said Mr. Chester, as he ladled out the tempting food. "I believe every household has its own recipe."

"This is sure to be correct," explained Aspasia Brunton.

"I suppose we accept this as your Fagot, Miss Aspasia?" said Mr. Chester, as he passed his plate for another helping; "it is surely most invigorating."

A series of Riddles and Conundrums were brought out in the course of the beach picnic.

For instance, Mr. Chester, as he helped himself to strawberry jam, broke out with a —

Conundrum.

"What is the best way to raise strawberries?"

But he gave the answer himself, — "With a spoon."

He directly followed it with another —

Conundrum.

"When were sweetmeats first made?" giving the answer directly: "When Noah preserved pears in the ark."

He then continued, "I will give a series of

"Conundrums on Ducks.

"Why does a duck go into water?

"Why does a duck come out of water?

"What kind of a doctor would a duck make?"

The answers were quickly given in turn: "For

divers' reasons;" "For sun-dry reasons;" "A quack doctor."

Mr. Wyllis, as a "pendant," he said, to the "Jack Horner" Charade that had been repeated to him, gave this —

Charade on "two characters in English literature:" —

'T was not on Alpine snow and ice,
But on plain English ground, —
"Excelsior," their proud device, —
A mournful fate they found.

They went not for a merry game,
But at stern duty's call;
United were they in their aim,
Divided in their fall.

Arthur Chester, taking a hint from the suggestion of Jack Horner, instantly guessed his old friends Jack and Jill, of the classic Mother Goose, for answer to the Charade.

"All this reminds me," said Mr. Smith, "of a mathematical puzzle, which, you will see, is suitable for a picnic. I must confess that I took it from a German paper.

"Problem.

"Three young ladies, Antonia, Emily, and Maria, met at a picnic, each wearing some roses. Antonia, finding that she had the most, gave to

her two friends as many roses as each already had. Emily was inspired to do the same, giving to the other young ladies as many as they each now had. Maria did not wish to be behind the others. Seeing what had been done, she gave to each of her two friends, from her store of flowers, as many roses as each then held. Now it appeared by this proceeding that a perfectly equal division of the flowers had been made, so that each of the three now possessed eight roses. How many roses did each have originally?"

Some of the party easily puzzled this out; but before they had given the answer to the others, Mr. Smith went on: "You have so quickly guessed that that I will venture to present you with another problem from the same source.

"Problem.

"At one time the Nine Muses had, alas! been quarrelling over a certain subject, and held such different opinions that they could n't comfortably meet to discuss it all together. To decide, it was necessary to divide. For this purpose they held councils of three at a time, arranging that each one of the Muses need not meet another more than once to converse on this subject.

"How many of these councils of three were

held, and out of which of the Muses was each composed?"

"The idea of the Muses quarrelling!" exclaimed Clara.

"But consider, my dear," said Mr. Chester, in a serious tone, "nine women meeting constantly!"

"Why should n't we try to arrange the problem in action?" asked Mrs. Fortescue. "We had them represented in 'Dumb Crambo' the other day: why should n't they appear now?"

At her summons, nine of the young people rose and ranged themselves on the beach, — scarcely in the costume of the Muses, and difficult to be recognized as such. But after a good deal of laughter and confusion and scuffling, it was found that twelve councils would be needed to separate the Muses amicably. Each of the party took up some symbol to make more clear which character was represented. They appeared in the following arrangements: —

Polyhymnia.	Euterpe.	Klio.
Melpomene.	Kalliope.	Terpsichore.
Urania.	Terpsichore.	Urania.
Polyhymnia.	Kalliope.	Thalia.
Euterpe.	Thalia.	Urania.
Erato.	Melpomene.	Euterpe.

Polyhymnia.	Terpsichore.	Melpomene.
Kalliope.	Melpomene.	Euterpe.
Klio.	Erato.	Klio.
Polyhymnia.	Erato.	Urania.
Terpsichore.	Klio.	Erato.
Thalia.	Thalia.	Kalliope.

"This has succeeded so well," exclaimed Tom Fortescue, one of the actors, "suppose, before we go, we show the solution of Mr. Smith's first Problem in a similar way. I have a shrewd suspicion that two dozen wild roses will answer our purpose."

Arthur Chester quickly climbed the bank and brought to him twenty-four sprays of wild roses.

"If Miss Owens will personate Antonia," continued Tom Fortescue, "and Miss Chester will consider herself as Emily, my sister Clara shall represent Maria, and I will give them the roses to distribute as suggested in the Problem."

He gave to Antonia thirteen, to Emily seven, to Maria four; and the result may be better shown by the following table: —

Antonia.	Emily.	Maria.
13	7	4
2	14	8
4	4	16
8	8	8

It will be seen that the fair exchange ended by each one holding eight branches of roses, though they began with such unequal portions.

NINTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

A BALLAD EVENING.

WRITING BALLADS. — ACTED BALLADS. — THE DECORATIVE SISTERS. — THE DIRGE OF THE TADPOLES. — THE FALLS OF NIAGARA. — DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. — DESCRIPTION OF ACTING BALLADS.

THE distractions of late autumn visits had interfered with the regular meetings of the Fagot-party, which assembled at last with added numbers at the house of Mr. Brunton the night before Christmas Eve. It had long been whispered about that this was to be a special entertainment, with more studied arrangements than usual, in honor of some guests visiting the Bruntons, and the party was made larger by some additional invitations.

"I have been requested," said Mrs. Chester, as the guests arrived, "to receive our friends, as Miss Aspasia and her sister are busy with the unwonted arrangements, and Mrs. Brunton preferred to consider herself as one of those invited."

"And I," said Mr. Fortescue, "have consented to bring the first Fagot, — my first Fagot too, I

must confess, — to entertain those of us who are not behind the scenes. From the whisperings of some of those actors, I conclude they are going to act some ballads for us. Now I propose we should write some!"

"Oh, Mr. Fortescue!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, "you can't be in earnest, with so many of the young people behind the scenes; you ought not to expect such an effort as that from the rest of us —"

"I can't let you define the 'young people' in so limited a way," said Mr. Fortescue; "here we have Aunt Cecilia with us, and Mr. Erastus, and sundry young ladies who, I am sure, are brimming over with literary talent."

"But what do you expect?" asked one of the young ladies.

"It is a very simple thing, if we all co-operate," Mr. Fortescue went on. "Here are the rules for

"Writing Ballads.

"Each person who writes is to start a ballad in this way. Take a sheet of paper and write the proposed title of the ballad at the bottom of the sheet; add, if you choose, the name of the hero or heroine. Each one begins by writing three lines; two of them must rhyme with each other, and they must be of the same metre, ten

syllables in each line, easily counted on your fingers. Fold over these lines so that they cannot be read by your next neighbor, to whom you pass the paper, being careful, however, to leave outside the last word of your last line to serve as a rhyme for the next writer, at the top, where it can be easily seen. This next person, after having passed along the ballad he has already begun in this way, takes the paper handed to him, writes a line to rhyme with the word he finds on the sheet, in the same measure of ten syllables, adds another line, and folds the two over, leaving out, however, in the same way as before, on the sheet to be seen by the next person, the last word of his last line, that it may be rhymed to by the next writer. This sheet will be passed on, and each person will thus have a chance to contribute to the ballad of each. When the ballads come back to the originator, he can add as many lines as he pleases, before reading the whole, while ignorant of the lines between."

"The principle is like that of the sonnets that we wrote in one of our early meetings," said Erastus.

"But it differs," said Mr. Fortescue, "in the fact that the rhymes and subject for the sonnets are taken from some well-known poet; but here is room for great originality."

Only seven could be found to enter upon what seemed a formidable effort at "being original," as Mrs. Chester called it.

"I should as soon think of going across the Falls of Niagara on a rope, as Blondin did, as of writing a ballad," she continued; "though I shall be very glad to listen to them when written."

She therefore joined a party to which Mr. Brunton was giving a description of a game of cards that he was very fond of, and which they were constantly playing at the Bruntons'. The directions for this game will be given on another occasion.

The scribbling of pencils went on in silence while there was more talk around the card-table, which was interrupted at last, because the audience was summoned into a large room furnished with comfortable seats facing an improvised stage, curtained by portières that divided this room from the next.

In front of this curtain appeared Rodney Owens, who announced, "We propose to present you a small divertisement in the acting of the ballad of

"THE DECORATIVE SISTERS".

The sounds of the piano were now heard, and the voice of Tom Fortescue rattling off the words

of the ballad of this name, by Josephine Pollard, which is so well known in its illustrated form. He did not attempt to give all its thirty-eight verses, but sang enough to keep up the connection, to a tune improvised by himself. The story of the ballad was further carried out in pantomime by the two young ladies who were spending the winter at the Bruntons', who impersonated

"Dorothea and Dorinda, the two clever English lasses
Who lived from London city not a thousand miles away,
Where the buttercups and daisies grew so thick amid the grasses,
In summer-time the ground appeared like one immense bouquet."

Rodney Owens took the part of the artist who so terrified Dorothea, as described in the ballad:

"One day as Dorothea, with her sleeves rolled up, was busy
In the milk-house, singing as she skimmed the ivory-tinted cream,
She heard a step behind her, and immediately grew dizzy,
And, as any other woman would, she gave a little scream."

He carried his artist's umbrella, and went through the story of making the picture of Dorothea and her sister, showing it to the "old folks," represented by Angelina and her brother Eustace. The costumes were perfect,

and the different tableaux presented by the performers excited enthusiastic applause, especially in the scene showing the influence of the artist, how —

"Dorothea and Dorinda were his pupils, and together
They wandered through the labyrinths of Decorative Art."

The things they brought in to decorate the small stage upon which they were performing, added to the effect, the artist adorning the family churn.

"They decorated pots and pans, whate'er the house afforded;
They daubed the mirror over with some intricate design;
And rummaged through the garret, where all sorts of things were hoarded,
And sat before an ugly plaque as if it were a shrine."

The young girls appeared in the queerest dresses and most outlandish bonnets. Even they —

"Laid hands upon their mother, and their father so athletic,
And dressed them up so strangely that they hardly knew themselves."

The ballad went on to tell how Dorinda wed the artist, and had to spend hours in standing for his model.

"She posed for screens and portières, she held the fateful lily,
In tragedy or comedy, whate'er the mood might be;
No matter how she felt herself, 't was always willy-nilly,
And how to keep from posing was a poser, as you see."

But Dorothea "wed a farmer;" and the scenery of storks and Japanese umbrellas and screens adorned with sunflowers was suddenly changed for a farm-yard, where her lover, —

"Having told his passion like an honest fellow, duly
With decorum laid his fortunes at her Decorative feet."

Perhaps the most charming tableau of all was the closing one, where the two sisters were represented in contrast, — Dorinda in æsthetic dress of long skirts and short waist, and Dorothea in rural costume: —

"For a plain, good-natured farmer's wife is Mistress Dorothea,
Who has a reputation for uncommon common-sense.

"And in the pleasant summer-time, when daisies are in blossom,
And hollyhocks and roses stand in luminous array,
Dorinda walks among them with white lilies in her bosom,
With slow and weary footsteps, looking pale and wan as they.

"As the Decorative Sisters wander arm in arm together,
And their maiden meditations and absurdities review,

A single glance at them, I 'm sure, will soon convince you whether
Dorothea or Dorinda is the happier of the two."

"But it is difficult to say which is the prettier of the two," exclaimed Mr. Fortescue as the curtains were drawn upon the scene, where the two tall girls stood in front of a background of bull-rushes in umbrella-stands, and panels painted with hollyhocks and sunflowers. "It is astonishing how a young and pretty girl can make even an æsthetic dress becoming."

"These are true *tableaux vivants*," said Mr. Chester; "for the characters do everything but speak."

"And how beautifully they are got up!" said Mrs. Odiorne; "the dresses and scenery so perfect."

"I am afraid our ballads will appear somewhat tame," said Mr. Fortescue, "after this brilliant presentation."

"But we shall have just time to read them, before the next performance, shall we not?" asked Aunt Cecilia.

"I was going to propose we should have them afterwards," suggested Mrs. Brunton, "so that the performers might have the benefit of hearing them."

"Why not have them both now and then?"

proposed Mr. Brunton; "we may be interrupted in our reading, but let us hear as many of these brilliant productions as we have time for, — and doubtless they will bear repetition."

The plan was assented to, and time was given for the reading of two of the ballads which follow. The name of the first was given as —

THE DIRGE OF THE TADPOLES.

"Ah! I see," said Mr. Chester; "this subject was suggested by our talk about these animals in looking at Miss Angelina's aquarium."

Mr. Fortescue read the ballad.

CHARACTERS: *Tadpole; The Maiden.*

Oh! the tadpole 's a bird without any wings,
And sad is the song which jolly he sings
As he croaks in the marsh where the frogs and the toads
Hop in and hop out of their marshy abodes.

But sadly he hopped, with his eyes dimmed with tears,
And seeing the maid, he hissed in her ears:
"Oh, why dost thou doubt me, my wandering fair?"
And then in her horror she tore her fair hair!

And faintly she gurgled: "Oh! is that a whale?"
And naught could be seen but the end of his tail.
His tail, — wherefore tail? Shall I ne'er be a frog?
Did she swim in the water, or dive in the bog?

Vain, vain, was the cry as it surged in the air!
Some thought they had vanished, some thought they were there.
I know not, I ask not; the story would fail,
And the bravest of hearts most surely might quail.

The Dirge of the Tadpole sinks sad on the ear, —
The Tadpole, who knows neither terror nor fear,
But croaks for his friend as he chirps for his foe,
And marks gladness alike with the symbols of woe!

"That is effective!" exclaimed Mr. Chester; "and with perhaps as much connection as many poems have!"

"There 's a delightful vagueness about it," said Aunt Cecilia.

"Do let us hear another," said Mrs. Chester, "before we are interrupted. I begin to be sorry that I did not join in such artistic efforts."

Erastus read the name of the next ballad as

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

CHARACTERS: *Mrs. Chester; Blondin.*

"You see, Mrs. Chester, you are in for it after all!" exclaimed Mr. Chester.

Erastus read on: —

The Falls of Niagara fall from the cliff:
I think they will fall till the frost gets quite stiff;
But where will they go when they cease to go over?
Oh, great is the gulf o'er which Blondin does hover!

Like a bird in mid air without any wings,
Mrs. Chester is coming, — to think of all things!
I ne'er would believe it, but such is the fact, —
But I always knew she was famous for tact.

What a great deal of water pours over this bank!
And so for a moment his dauntless heart sank.
Quick from the spectators sprang forth the rash wight, —
He sinks! He is gone ! He is lost in the night!

The waves tumble o'er him, he 's lost in the foam;
But he runs back the rope, and returns safe to home.
Then he looked in the sky, and looked down to the water:
He thought of the canon pronounced 'gainst self-slaughter.
Mr. Chester then said, as he took home his wife,
" You 'll dream of high tumbling the rest of your life."

The laughter that followed the reading of this production was interrupted by a summons to silence, for by this time the preparations had been completed for the final entertainment of the evening. The audience were summoned to place themselves again in front of the improvised stage.

" Not a ballad, I understand, this time," said Mrs. Chester, " but a poem."

A great silence followed, broken by a voice from behind the curtains, that of Hector Brunton, reading —

"THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

" It is 'The Dream of Fair Women!'" " Tennyson's!" exclaimed one and another, as he began the well-known words : —

"I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below."

He went on with the verses following, omitting some of them, until he reached the twenty-second verse, when the curtain was slowly drawn as he read: —

"At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chiselled marble, standing there, —
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

As he passed on to the next verse, the audience saw before them Aspasia Brunton in Greek costume, standing statue-like, and carrying out the words by her action: —

"She, turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place;"

and in exquisitely modulated voice, in the character of Helen of Troy, which she represented, she herself spoke the words that followed: —

"'I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'"

The reader went on with the poem, in dramatic manner, appealing to "one that stood beside." This was Iphigenia, represented by

Cecilia Owens, who went on reciting the verses that followed with a wonderful spirit that thrilled the whole audience, which had already been moved by the quiet, measured cadence of Aspasia's voice, as she ended with the words, —

> "'The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;
> The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
> The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
> Touched; and I knew no more.'"

Aspasia followed with the last words of Helen, in the same sad tone: —

> "'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
> Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
> Then when I left my home.'"

The poem was in this way carried along by the fresh characters that appeared, a flowery screen being moved away to disclose Cleopatra, most brilliantly represented by Mrs. Fortescue,

> "Sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled;"

and in turn came in the several persons of the poem. The daughter of Jephtha was most wonderfully presented by Sally Chester, who surprised everybody by the spirited way in which she flung herself into the group of classic figures on the stage, and with raised timbrel recited with passion the verses that followed.

Everybody forgot the personality of the actor

as she stood there in the brilliant costume of a Jewish maiden, with black hair, and cheeks glowing in color, —

"The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's towered gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song."

Hector Brunton read on from the poem: —

"My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She rendered answer high:
'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.'"

She went on through the verses that followed, with a most inspired air that electrified the whole audience. In great contrast was the quiet intonation of Clara Fortescue, who had silently come in, and who broke the stillness following her appearance, with the words: —

"'Turn and look on me:
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.'"

Then came the bitter, scornful utterance of Cleopatra, followed by the entrance of the other characters, — Angelina as Joan of Arc, and two young friends taking the parts of the daughter of Sir Thomas More and Queen Eleanor.

As the exquisite group slowly formed itself, the

rapt audience sat in silence, and wished that Hector Brunton could longer have dwelt upon the closing verses that gave them opportunity to look upon so lovely a picture. Again and again the applause forced the actors to appear upon the stage. It was only the lateness of the hour that could compel the closing of the scene.

"Can any rule be given," asked Mr. Erastus, "for —

"Acting Ballads?"

"The words of some ballad should be plainly spoken or sung," answered Tom Fortescue, "and the performers should be well enough acquainted with the ballad to be able to express their meaning directly. It is best not to anticipate the meaning, but to give it in the very moment that the words are heard. Otherwise there is a confusion between eye and ear."

"My description of Acting Ballads," said Mrs. Fortescue, "will always be an account of these ballads as we have seen them performed; only the description must always come far below the impression of the thing itself."

TENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

EVENING OF PROVERBS.

CAYENNE. — SHOUTING PROVERBS. — ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS. — PUT IN A PROVERB. — ACTING PROVERBS. — ANSWER TO CHARADE.

A VERY large party assembled at the Fortescues as the first Fagot-party of the New Year. Among the early comers four directly withdrew to a corner, to play with Mr. Brunton the game of cards which he had taught them at the last Fagot-party, and which they had since been practising. "It is a game," said Mr. Brunton, "that increases its interest the more you play it, — as is the case with all good games; whist, for instance, which it resembles in many points." Mr. Brunton proceeded to rehearse the rules of the game for the benefit of some lookers-on.

"Cayenne.

"This game is played as whist is, — with four persons; two being partners, sitting opposite to each other. As it is an advantage in this game

to have long suits, the cards should be seldom or never shuffled; and after being cut, should be dealt in two rounds,— seven cards, for instance, at once to each player, and six to each afterwards. Or," said Mr. Brunton, suiting the action to the word, "I prefer to deal twelve at once to each player, and then to deal round one to each. This leaves the cards less disturbed.

"As in whist, the player next the dealer leads a card, which must be followed in suit by the other players, and taken by the one who plays the highest card. As in whist, after six of these tricks have been taken on either side, every succeeding trick taken, counts. A trump is turned up in dealing, which, however, is accepted only at the will of the dealer, who has the right to make a trump.

"The dealer, indeed, can declare which of various games he will play, presently to be explained. If he cannot favorably make a decision, he passes the right to his partner, who must decide upon one of the following alternatives. He can play what is called playing —

"In Suits, or a Whist Hand, — making any trump he pleases (which of course would be his strongest suit), and taking as many tricks as he and his partner can make. This, however, does not count him as much, if successful, as —

"GRANDISSIMO. — If he declares this, he must refuse to make any trump, not accepting the trump turned up. This can only be successfully played with the best cards of a long suit and the leading cards of the other suits.

"CAYENNE — is played by declaring the trump turned up, and if successful, counts more than a game In Suits.

"NULLISSIMO — is the reverse of all these. Every trick beyond six, taken by the players who declare Nullissimo, counts to the other side; so the object is to take as few tricks as possible. There are no trumps in Nullissimo, and the ace counts lowest, — as 1, — unless the player as he places it upon the table calls it 'high,' for the purpose of taking the trick with it.

"Honors are counted in this game, and the ten-spot ranks as an honor. The game is 40.

"Each trick (after making six tricks, or a book, as in whist) counts 2, except in Nullissimo, when each trick counts 4 to the other side, and Cayenne, in which it counts 4, and in Grandissimo, in which it counts 6.

"Three honors count 2, four honors count 4, five honors count 6. In Cayenne the honors count double.

"GRAND SLAM — is gained when one side takes all the tricks; and it counts 16.

"SMALL SLAM — where all the tricks but one are taken, counts 6. In Nullissimo these count to the other side.

"Great care must be taken," continued Mr. Brunton, "in playing Nullissimo.

"If you have no card of the suit led, you have an excellent opportunity of throwing away a dangerous high card of another suit. For this purpose it is a good plan in Nullissimo to dispose of your short suits as soon as possible. If your partner has had the misfortune to take the trick, you have another good opportunity to dispose of a high card of the same suit, unless you have reason to suppose that it is an advantage for your partner to take the lead for the next round. But as the trick anyhow must count to your side, you may as well use up a high card of your own upon it, otherwise be very sure to play as low a card as possible. Practice and experience are the best teachers in this game, as in all."

"I see," said Mrs. Fortescue, as she perceived this party in the corner occupied with their game of cards, "that you are determined to make this evening a quiet one, in contrast to the brilliant evening we had at our last Fagot-party."

"That, indeed, was a great success," said Mrs. Owens. "Everybody has been speaking of it."

"I shall never forget that last tableau of the 'Fair Women,'" said Mrs. Chester; "the memory of it stays by me."

"It was such an original idea," said Mr. Chester, "for the different characters to speak themselves. We have seen, before, series of tableaux illustrating the poem with long pauses between each picture; but here we were carried on dramatically from one point to another, without any opportunity for losing our interest or for recalling us back to ourselves."

"I really think Tennyson himself would have been pleased," said Aunt Maria, who came regularly to the Fagot-parties.

"But I understand we are to have some acting to-night," said Aspasia Brunton.

"Nothing in so brilliant a line," said Mrs. Fortescue. "Clara and her brother have been preparing to act a proverb to offer as their Fagot."

"Why should we, then, not begin with the 'Shouting Proverbs,' game?" asked Rodney Owens.

"Certainly, if you will tell us just how to play it," said Mrs. Fortescue.

And Rodney Owens explained the simple method of playing —

Shouting Proverbs.

"One person leaves the room, and the rest think of a proverb which he is to guess on his return. One word of this proverb must be given in succession to each person in the company, and must be shouted out at the same moment when the person who is to guess has returned."

"I pity him," said Mr. Chester; "and I suggest that you kindly go first."

Rodney Owens willingly assented; and when he was gone, the proverb, "Every man thinks his own geese swans," was decided upon. Each word was taken in turn successively by the company, and the proverb needed to be repeated three times in order to give each one a word, as it contained but seven words, and there were twenty-one ready to play.

As soon as Rodney Owens entered the room, at a signal from Mr. Chester each person shouted his word in full voice, as loud as possible. A terrible hissing was produced, as the three who happened to have the word "geese" were especially vigorous in voice, and the proverb was quickly guessed. As Rodney Owens detected Mr. Chester in enunciating one of the "geese," Mr. Chester was obliged to go out of the room, in order to guess the next proverb.

But he was able to get hold of it sooner than

he expected; for one of those who had the word "glass" in the proverb of —

> "Those who live in houses of glass
> Must not throw stones at those that pass,"

came in late with his word, which easily betrayed the whole proverb to Mr. Chester.

The shouting of fresh proverbs was kept on for a while till Hector Brunton suggested the game of —

Illustrated Proverbs.

"This is done," he explained, "in the same way as in the game of Historical Pictures.

"Each person has a sheet of paper and pencil, and on the upper part of the sheet draws an illustration of any proverb he may have in his mind, and passes the paper to his next neighbor, who writes at the bottom of the sheet the proverb he supposes is represented, and passes it to the next, after turning down his own conjecture, which may or may not be correct."

Arthur Chester was quite eager for this game. As in the game of Historical Pictures, he was displeased that his proverb was universally guessed, while he would have been equally displeased if his picture had not been understood. His picture, which we represent here, was not, however, guessed by everybody. One person

wrote, "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost;" and another suggested, "Every man thinks his own geese swans:" while the true answer was given, with these exceptions, by all as, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Arthur's human figures are truly classic," whispered Mr. Chester to Mrs. Fortescue; "but his birds, I fear, were studied from the Noah's ark of his childhood."

"There is a certain truth about his picture that I like," said Mrs. Fortescue, — "his putting his birds so far into the bush."

Eustace Brunton's picture of an old-fashioned well, with well-sweep, standing by itself and intended to represent the proverb, "Let well alone," was variously guessed as "All 's well that ends well;" "Well begun is well done," etc.

After one turn at this game, Aunt Cecilia

begged that the old-fashioned game of "Put in a Proverb" should not be neglected. This was not familiar to the young people present, and she gave the directions for it.

Put in a Proverb.

In this game, one person goes out of the room, while the rest think of a proverb. Each one must then take a word in turn of the proverb, and when asked a question by the person who went out, on his return he must put the word given him into his answer.

Cecilia Owens consented to go out, and Arthur Chester went with her; as it was decided it would take two to guess the words hidden in the answers.

We give here the questions and answers: —

"Which did you consider the finest of the illustrations just made of the proverbs?"

"I should find it hard to select one; but Aspasia and Angelina Brunton showed they were true artists."

"Where were you going when I met you in such a hurry the other day?"

"I was going to swallow a hasty lunch at the station before taking the train for New York."

"Should you prefer to be the one to go out, and come in and ask questions, in this kind of game, or to stay in and answer?"

"It does not make much difference, in my opinion. One discovers one's lack of brains in either capacity."

"Do you think our Fagots are likely to give out?"

"I should say not. Fresh wood is cut every year."

"Do you think we are to have a stormy winter?"

"You must inquire of Mr. Wiggin. He is the person to make the prophecies."

"If you were invited to a toboggan-party, should you accept?"

"I should take a bee-line and go to it."

"How many times shall we have to go round before we guess this proverb?"

"I should say you would have to spend the winter at it, and perhaps part of the summer."

In fact, Cecilia and Arthur had to question each member of the company before they guessed it, and the proverb was repeated three times. But the astute reader has probably already guessed it in the seven answers we have given.

A number of proverbs were brought forward for this game, some new, and some old, — "What can't be cured must be endured;" "Lasses and glasses are always in danger;" "Make hay while the sun shines," etc.

"Mrs. Chester has made an excellent proverb," said Mr. Chester. "I believe she considers it appropriate to her own room, as well as many others in these modern days, — 'Every rug betrays a rag.'"

"Oh, Mr. Chester!" exclaimed his wife appealingly, in the midst of the laughter that followed, "I never heard it before!"

These and other proverbs were given in the same way, and guessed. Some of the younger members of the party had withdrawn for the purpose of —

Acting Proverbs.

"This is done," said Tom Fortescue, as he stood in front of a curtain before which the audience was assembled, "by selecting a proverb and dramatizing it; that is, we are now going to present to you a little scene, and you will be obliged to guess the proverb which we shall attempt to represent."

He passed behind the curtain, and in a few moments it was drawn, and the front of a cottage appeared, with a door and a window.

"For this scene," Mrs. Fortescue said, in an audible whisper, to those sitting near her, "we are indebted to Aspasia and Angelina; they painted it for us, with the ivy hanging around

the door. Tom managed the 'practicable' window, that will open, and the door also."

At this moment two old tramps, as they seemed, — a man and a woman, — presented themselves in front of the door in the scene. Tom Fortescue was seen to open the door from the inside to let them in, as they gesticulated their wants.

He himself was looking haggard and worn, and at first was hesitating to let them in.

"Come in, come in," he said at last in a voice of despair; "we are all of us beggars together."

At this moment Clara Fortescue opened the window from within. She too had a sad, sorrowful look, and was dressed in old, worn, shabby clothes.

"Clara looks a hundred years old," said her mother.

But as Clara opened the window, a plaster Cupid that was hanging inside above her by a wire, fell from its nail out of the window, and was smashed in pieces outside. Clara clasped her hands in agony, and wretched-looking as she was, looked far more wretched.

The curtain was drawn upon this tableau, and Mr. Chester exclaimed: —

"When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window."

"That must be it!" "It must be so!" exclaimed everybody. "What a lovely picture! we must have it again;" and there were loud cries of "Encore!" "Encore!"

The curtain was drawn in a marvellously short time, to show an entire change of scene. The inside of the cottage was now shown, with the same door and the same window at the back of the stage. But Tom Fortescue was now opening the door, and insisting that the same old tramps should leave.

"I find you can't help us here, you may as well leave," he was saying; "we can get along very well by ourselves. My wife here," pointing to Clara Fortescue, "is willing you should take our last crust, if you will only leave. She can scrub her own floors. I am going to work sorting bricks to-morrow, and here is a ticket for you to take to the office of the Associated Charities."

At this moment Clara hastened to the window, which now opened outwards, and a lovely face was seen looking in. It was little Bessie Fortescue, with some shining, transparent wings spread over her shoulders. She mounted on the sill, as if to fly in.

"Ah, I see!" said Hector Brunton; "Love flies in at the window, so Poverty goes out at the door."

The tramps left, giving thanks for their Associated Charities ticket, and the scene closed.

Other impromptu proverbs were acted after this brilliant scene had been sufficiently applauded and encored.

Before leaving, Sally Chester said she had never guessed a Charade that was given one night at Mr. Fortescue's by Aspasia Brunton, beginning with the line, —

"My *First* may become either beggar or king."

"Think a minute," said Aspasia; "a beggar was once a *Child*, so was a king."

"And a *Hood* warms the head, was once a poet, and often takes a new face," added Cecilia.

"And we all pretend to look back upon our *Childhood* with regret," said Mr. Chester. "I can't say why. What do we regret, — going to school, or staying at home, or our tears?"

The question was not answered.

ELEVENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

ALPHABET STORY. — NEW ALLITERATIONS. — AN AUSTRIAN ARMY. — WRITTEN GEOGRAPHY. — I LOVE MY LOVE. — WHO ARE YOU? — WHO AM I? — DOUBT IT! — PATENT MEDICINES.

THE meeting was held at Mrs. Owens's, and her small rooms were well filled, as there was a number of strangers present. One of these brought forward the first Fagot.

"I do not know," she said, "but that you are too familiar with this 'Alphabet' game; but we all enjoyed it so much in the Pullman car the other day that I am going to suggest it, especially as I have received a fresh Alphabet Story in a letter from a fellow-traveller that I shall venture to use."

"The 'Alphabet' is ever old," said Mr. Chester; "but it is a little out of favor nowadays, and I, for one, should like some more practice in it."

Miss Clinton gave the following description of the —

Alphabet Story: —

"Each person in turn must tell or write a story of twenty-six words, each beginning with a

different letter of the alphabet, taken in consecutive order."

Mr. Fortescue immediately rattled out: —

"A Brilliant Creature Discoursed Every Friday, Giving Her Interpretation Jocosely, Kindling Laughter. Mr. Norton Objected, Professing Quite Rudely Some Trumpery Unbeliefs Varied With *X*-asperating yells. Zealot!"

Aspasia Brunton went on with: —

"Absurd Boasting Critic, Denouncing Every Fanciful Grace, Hurling Injurious Jests, Kept Lightly Made, Not On Persons Queerly Ridiculous, Satirizing Those Useful Victors Who *X*-alt Your Zeal.

"It is singular," she went on, "how one is led astray by the exigencies of the letter; and I find myself winding up quite differently from the way I expected."

Miss Clinton gave the story from her friend, who called it "The Strike Alphabetically Struck:" —

"A Brutal Crowd Dissents; Each Face Grim, Hideous, Intense; Jacobins, Ku-kluxes, Loafing Men, Noisy, Overwrought Partisans, Quarrelsome, Ranting Scamps, Tramps United, Villanous Wretches, *X*-cited, Yelling Zealots!"

Some one else gave: —

"Autumn's Breath (Chilly Decaying, Ere

Frozen Glaciers Hang In Jets) Kindly Leaves Mementos, Needing Only Pensive Query. Ripened Seasons! These Unseal Visions Which *X*-alt Your Zeal!"

Then followed: —

"A Barbarous Caterpillar Destroyed Every Fuschia Growing Here In June, Killing, Likewise, Many New Orchids Planted Quite Recently. Such Totally Unexpected, Villanous Work *X*-asperated Young Zebedee."

This met with great applause.

"That is admirable," said Mr. Chester; "especially for closing with a new word, — 'Zebedee.' 'Zealous' and 'zeal' have, you will have observed, been quite overworked."

It was now Angelina's turn, who gave: —

"A Bumble-bee Chastised Dainty Emmets For Gathering Honey Into Jugs, Kissing Lilacs, Mignonettes, Nasturtiums, Only Preferring Quaint Roses (Sweet Things) Until Violets Were *X*-panding. Yours, Zinzendorff."

Many more stories followed. Somebody suggested taking the alphabet backward, and Erastus broke out with: —

"Zealous Young Xantippe, Wedded Very Unhappily To Socrates, Reiterated Querulous Personalities On Noted Men Like Kleon, Jealously Insulting Husband, Greece, Friends, Every Dear Creature, By Abusive, Angry Aspersions!"

"It is singular," said Eustace Brunton, "but I had brought to-night some new specimens of the game of 'Alliteration,' which we played at our fifth meeting. These have been given me lately, and are so spicy that I know you will enjoy them. They are upon the well-known story of Casabianca — "

"The boy of the 'burning deck,'" explained Rodney Owens.

Eustace Brunton went on: —

"Casabianca Climbed Cross-bars; Called Clamorously: 'Can Casabianca Cut?' Cannot, Cogitated Child. Coals Came Close, Caught Casabianca, Cremated Casabianca, 'Cause Casabianca Can't Commit Crimes, — Casabianca, Courageous, Cool-headed, Courteous Christian.

"Here is the other: —

"Casabianca Could Calmly Consider Command Conveyed Captainwards. Captain Charged Casabianca: 'Casabianca can't come.' 'Conflagration Coming! Can come?' Cried Casabianca. Captain Can't Convey Command, 'Cause Captain Collapsed Constitutionally. Consequently Casabianca Could n't Come, Casabianca Consumed."

"This shows what can be done under limitations," said Mr. Chester; "but I am glad we are not always confined to one letter. I find it difficult sometimes to frame my sentences even with the help of the whole dictionary."

"I remember," said Mr. Wyllis, "when I was a boy, we were taught to repeat some lines beginning with, —

"'An Austrian army awfully arrayed;'

but I was never able to get much farther."

Hector Brunton declared the lines had been in print again of late years, and, at the request of the others, repeated them: —

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade!
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction, devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay.
For fame, for fortune fighting, furious fray,
Generals 'gainst generals grapple. Gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen; kindred, kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy numbers notice, noxious, nought
Of outward obstacle opposing ought.
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest.
Reason returns; religious right resounds!
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare, wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?

Yield, yield, ye youths; ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno, Zopater, Zoroaster's zeal!

"That is a magnificent thing!" exclaimed Rodney Owens; "I don't know that I ever heard the whole of it, though I used to repeat some of the lines as useful in 'capping verses.'"

"I think," said Mr. Fortescue, "I might be permitted to give you here the changes made by a brilliant friend of mine, who gives the closing lines in this way: —

"Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield, yes, yes!
Zeno's, Zopater's zeal, Zabdicines,
&draimon & &dromache's!"

"This is all very singular," said Mr. Jones; "for I happen to have in my pocket-book a version which I cut from the 'Boston Transcript' only the other day, which varies from yours."

"Which it might easily do," said Hector; "for mine I give only from memory of the time when I used to recite it as a boy."

Mr. Jones read the following extract from the "Transcript:" —

Through the courtesy of Mr. John Bartlett, compiler of "Familiar Quotations," we are enabled to give the original form in which they appeared, from a copy lately sent to Mr. Bartlett from England. The lines first appeared in Wheeler's "Hampshire Magazine," June, 1828: —

ALLITERATION; OR, THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

A RONDEAU.

These lines having been incorrectly printed in a London publication, we have been favored by the author with an authentic copy of them : —

An Austrian army, awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade,
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;
Ev'ry endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for freedom fight, fierce, furious fray.
Gen'rals 'gainst gen'rals grapple, — gracious God
How honors heav'n heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.
Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'midst mounds, motes, mountains, murd'rous mines.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,
Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought;
Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest!
Quite quiet Quakers "quarter, quarter" quest,
Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
Sawarrow stop such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain.
Why wish we warfare, wherefore welcome won
Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenephon?
Yield ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell,
Zimmerman's Zoroastes's, Zeno's zeal
Again attract, arts against arms appeal
All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away!
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.

The gentleman who sends the above copy to Mr. Bartlett adds: —

"The above was copied at the British Museum; but possibly the Winchester printer has made typographical errors in the punctuation, etc., as he evidently has in printing 'Sawarrow' for Suwarrow, 'Zoroastes' for Zoroaster. Altogether, the unauthorized version of these lines seems better than the 'authentic' re-written one.

"We have not been able to find out anything about Rev. B. Poulter, to whom you attribute this alliterative work."

"This version gives a line of 'J,'" said Hector, "which I certainly never heard in my youth. I am glad to see 'terror to thy train' given instead of 'triumph to thy train,' which I never could understand in my version, where 'triumph' must have been a misprint."

"A former article in the 'Transcript's' queries," continued Mr. Jones, "gives a closing line that you do not have: —

"'And all attracting against arms appeal.'"

"All this reminds me," said Aspasia, "of a game we played last summer, that I have been wanting to bring in as a Fagot." She proceeded to describe it as —

Written Geography.

In this game pencil and paper are required, and three or five minutes are allowed to each writer, in which space of time each one must

write down as many names as he can recall of geographical places, — cities, States, rivers, beginning with one letter fixed upon. When the time is out, the lists are read aloud, and a record of failures and successes is made, in the same way as with the game of "Verbarium" (described in the Third Bundle of Fagots), or "Androscoggin," as that favorite game is often called.

"That is truly literary," exclaimed Mr. Chester, "since it will cultivate our geography as well as our alphabetical knowledge. But let us pass over the letter A, as that is a letter as much overworked as our much-used word 'zeal.'"

The letter B was selected, and a list of cities decided upon, of which a long roll was made by the successful victor of the greatest number of names, — beginning, of course, with that of Boston, and going on with Buffalo, Barcelona, Bordeaux, Bruges, Berne, Bologna, etc.

Aunt Cecilia, who was fond of returning to the past generations, put in a plea for "I love my love with an A."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Brunton; "we play that every summer at the seaside, — only we have made some alterations and additions, which you may like to try."

It was agreed upon that the game should be

tried, though Mrs. Odiorne wondered if there could be anything new in it.

"You all know the rules," said Mr. Brunton, "of the original game of —

"I Love My Love.

"The first person in the company begins with the letter A to say, for instance: 'I love him (or her) with an A because he is Amiable; I hate him because he is Audacious. He took me to the sign of the Antelope and gave me Apples to eat and Ale to drink. His name is Anthony, and he came from Albany.' The next person must go on with the letter B, giving the different reasons for loving or hating his B; then the successive members take the succeeding letters of the alphabet in the same way."

"Our method varies," said Mr. Brunton, "because we take the initials of the name of some one present, and make them the initial letters of the several requirements of the game; and we have added to these requirements. I will begin with an example, and select Mrs. Fortescue."

"I will give my consent," said Mr. Fortescue indulgently; and Mr. Brunton began with: —

"I love my love with an A. S. F., because she has A Sweet Face; I hate her (if possible) be-

cause she is an Anti-Suffrage Female. I took her to the sign of the Anglo-Saxon Farmer and gave her A Spring Fowl to eat, and All-Spice Flip to drink. She reads the Anti-Socialist Federalist, and smells of A Sweet Flower. Her name is Annie Sturtevant Fortescue, and she comes from Augustine (St.), Florida.

"You observe," he continued, "that we have added the newspaper read by the beloved object, and what she likes to smell."

"I think you make me out more conservative than I am," said Mrs. Fortescue.

"You might have added," said Mr. Fortescue: "'And she married an Ancient School Fogy.'"

Arthur Chester continued the game by breaking out with, —

"I love my love with a C. O., because her eyes are such Clear Orbs; if possible to hate her, it would be that she is a too Critical Observer. I took her to the sign of the Chief Oneida, and gave her Canned Oysters to eat, and Candied Orange-water to drink. She reads the Christian Oracle, and likes to smell of —"

"*Eau de Cologne*," suggested Mr. Chester.

"Cloves and Oranges," Arthur continued. "Her name is Cecilia Owens, and she comes from Cincinnati, Ohio."

This was received with applause, as Cecilia

had lately visited that place. Rodney Owens went on: —

"I love my love with an A. B., because she is A Beauty; I hate her because she is A Belle. I took her to the sign of the Adonis Bower, and gave her *A-la-mode* Beef to eat, and Adam's Beer to drink. She reads the Advertising Bulletins, and loves the smell of Almond-Blossoms. Her name is Aspasia Brunton, and she comes from Ancient Boston."

It seemed as if this game might go on forever, but was broken by the suggestion of playing a game thus described as, —

Who Are You?

One person must go out, and the rest of the company will decide upon some well-known character for him to personate; and on his return to the room he must guess what this character is, from the questions that are put to him.

Cecilia Owens was the first to go out, and on her return she was greeted by a volley of questions: —

"Did you like the last part of your life as well as the first?"

"Did not you regret your quiet home?"

"How do you like your picture?"

"Is your name spelled right?"

"How many school compositions do you suppose have been written about you?"

One question at last betrayed the rest: —

"Was your home any relation of Noah's?"

"Joan of Arc," she exclaimed.

Hector Brunton went out next, and was assailed on his return with numerous questions:

"Is it not nice to have all the small boys like you?"

"Don't you want to go back?"

"Did not you forget how to talk?"

"Are you any relation to Mrs. S. F.?"

"Where is your parrot?" etc.

These last questions revealed himself as Robinson Crusoe. The game was continued for a while, when Angelina Brunton proposed to change it to a similar game of —

Who Am I?

In this game the person who goes out decides upon a character to personify, and he comes in himself and acts the character until it is guessed.

Clara Fortescue was the first to go out, and came in soon after with a train of attendants, with regal air; but she busied herself at first with some boxes that were brought in, apparently containing dresses.

"What is she doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "She must be counting over her wash for the laundress."

But she proceeded apparently to sign some documents in a stately way; and when Rodney Owens laid a velvet cloak before her for her to tread upon, there was no doubt that she was personating Queen Elizabeth.

"But what were you doing?" asked Mrs Chester; "and where was your ruff?"

"I thought I should be guessed directly if I wore a ruff," Clara explained, "and I was counting up my dresses to see if I really had three thousand, as Queen Elizabeth was reported to have."

A number of young people went out for the next scene.

"It must be Robinson Crusoe over again," said Mrs. Owens, as a party appeared in a large clothes-basket that served for a boat.

"But there are too many of them," said Mrs. Fortescue.

"It must be the Pilgrim Fathers," suggested Mr. Chester, who had left his game of "Cayenne" in the corner to witness the scene.

"Only there are no Pilgrim Mothers," said Aunt Cecilia.

"It must be Christopher Columbus," said Aspasia.

"But no," exclaimed Angelina; "do you not see, they wear a Roman costume, and there are the eagles borne in front, and they go stumbling up the shore, Rodney in front, — he is Julius Cæsar landing in Britain."

The older people found it difficult to continue their game of cards in the series of scenes that followed.

"And we are to have but few more of these parties!" exclaimed one and another. For the Fortescues were to go to Europe in the spring, all of them; and "how could there be any Fagot-parties without the Fortescues?"

Two new games of cards were introduced in the course of the evening. One was thus described under the name of —

Doubt It!

Any number of persons can play this game of cards, which should be played with two packs. The cards are dealt round in turn. The player at the left of the dealer selects a card from his hand, and plays it in the centre of the table, face down, but naming the number of spots or rank of the card. The next person puts down a card in the same way, *saying* it is the next in order; but if he has it or not, he may place any card he chooses, still declaring it to be the next card

needed. If any member of the party *doubt it*, he can shout, "*Doubt it!*" and if the card prove not to be the one declared, its player is obliged to take all the cards on the table. If the card proves to be the one declared, the doubter must take all the cards. The object of the game is to get rid of the cards, and the one who is first out of them beats. If a player tries to cheat by putting down two cards at once, and is discovered, he must be obliged to take all the cards played. The cards should be played quickly, without delay.

Mrs. Owens objected to the bad morals of this game; though some tried to defend it by showing that the offender, *if discovered*, was punished, and might learn it is better not to cheat than to cheat. She objected also a little to the next game, not on account of the noise and laughter it occasioned, but she considered it not very "high-toned." It was offered by Mr. Jones, and called —

Patent Medicines.

Each player chooses the name of some patent medicine, such as "Perry Davis's Pain-Killer," "Radway's Ready Relief," "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," "Peptonix," etc. Any number can play. When all have declared their names, the cards

are dealt round equally, and left in a pack, face down, in front of each player. The player at the dealer's left begins by turning up a card and placing it in front of him; the next does the same, and each player in turn, forming a pile in front, until a card is turned up having the same spots, or of the same rank, as one previously turned up. The players of the duplicate cards must then shout the name of each other's medicine as quickly as possible; and the one who gets out first, and correctly, the other's name, wins all his front piles, when the object is to win all the cards. The game is sometimes played in a reverse way, when the object is to get rid of the cards; and the one who fails to shout the other's name correctly or in time, must take the whole trick.

TWELFTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

QUERIES. — TWENTY QUESTIONS. — CLUMPS; OR, THE TWO CAPTAINS. — HUNT THE FEATHER. — BURIED CITIES. — INITIALS. — RIDDLE. — ANSWER TO RIDDLE. — PASS THE QUARTER.

THE next party met at the Chesters'. A friend of Mr. Chester's, from the West, was called upon for the first Fagot.

"As Mr. Martin is President of a Western University," said Mr. Chester, introducing him, "I imagine that he intends to exercise our wits to the uttermost. There is an inexorable expression about his face this evening that makes me fear the worst from him."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Martin, "my game will be merely the asking and answering of difficult questions. Now, where better could I come than to Boston for both questions and answers? My game, which has amused us much at home, is called —

"Queries.

"The players must first choose an umpire, who will preside over the game, which is played

with partners. After the partners are chosen, each two of the players must prepare a puzzling question. The two who offer the question must themselves know the answer, which, however, may prove difficult for the rest. This question must be written at the top of a sheet of paper, which is folded and put in a hat held by the umpire. When all have been deposited, the umpire draws out a question and passes it to the two at his right, who write upon the paper at the foot of the sheet what they believe to be the answer. ["As in Historical Pictures," interpolated Eustace Brunton.] The papers are thus passed round in turn; and when they reach the umpire again, he reads the successive answers aloud, marking the various answers, — the answers given by the originators of the questions, of course, being the right ones. Correct answers are marked 20; if with one fault, 15; and so on: utterly wrong, marked with a 0. Sometimes this game is played *viva voce;* the questions are asked in turn by the umpire, and answers given. The names of the different writers are given at the time of marking the papers. The party of players that reaches first 100, or any number previously agreed upon, will beat."

Mr. Chester gave a deep sigh as Mr. Martin finished his description. "Was I not right in

my forebodings?" he asked. "Examination-papers and competitive test and marking!"

Mrs. Chester, however, was already giving out papers, and the players were securing their partners, and were presently busy in little parties of two, discussing the questions they would propose.

"We shall be able to furnish something for the columns of the Saturday 'Transcript,'" said Mr. Fortescue, as he secured Aspasia Brunton for his partner, — "an excellent chance to find answers for some of the difficult questions of life."

"But the answers to the Queries," insisted Mr. Martin, "should be known by the questioners, for we do not wish to bother ourselves with insoluble problems. One of our questions, I remember, was, —

"*Query.* What is the meaning of the 'H's' one sees at the corners of the streets and on the sidewalks in Boston?

"*Answer.* They were dropped by the British when they evacuated Boston."

Meanwhile great consultations were going on among the partners, and it was not long before numerous questions were passed into the hat held by Mr. Brunton.

There was great laughter between Arthur and Cecilia before their question was prepared.

"May we look at a map?" asked Arthur.

"I think not," said Mr. Martin; "you must be sure of your own facts."

"It is only a question of spelling," said Arthur; "but I think we shall know as well as anybody else."

Mr. Fortescue's and Aspasia's question was not confided to the hat till after great study and whispering between the two; and evidently Mr. Chester and Angelina were well satisfied with theirs.

Many of the questions could only be answered by those who proposed them; but some were family questions, familiar to those of the same family. Arthur Chester, fresh from school, could give the answers to all the geographical Queries, and was pleased to find that but few gave the correct answer to the question proposed by himself and Cecilia Owens: "Where is the lowest temperature in the world? Werkrojanck, Siberia."

"As difficult to pronounce as to spell!" exclaimed Angelina.

Quite a number could give correctly the storm-signals; but only Mr. Wyllis knew the rhymes that contain them all: —

A sun of red is weather warm;
A sun of blue is general storm;
A crescent red is weather cold;
A crescent blue is fair foretold;

A star of red no change implies;
A blue star, local stormy skies;
A square of black on flag of white,
A cold wave comes in all its might.

For help in memorizing, the answer to the Query given by Mr. Fortescue and Aspasia was welcomed: —

Q. What lines of an old poet will give, in the initial letters of twenty-one successive words of which they are composed, the initial letters of our Presidents in regular order?

The lines are: —

"Wisdom and justice many men admire;
Jarring vice harms truth's pure, trembling fire.
Pray be loyal, just; go! highest good acquire."

Other Queries were: —

Q. What river runs six months in one direction, and then six in another?

A. Casiquiare, connecting the Orinoco and Rio Negro.

Q. Does the shadow of a Bostonian ever fall toward the south?

A. No, because the sun is never north of his zenith.

Q. What is the longest word in the English language?

A. Incomprehensibility.

Q. Where is the Iron Gate?

A. It is a dangerous rapid in the Danube, that is now being removed by the Austrian Government.

Q. Where is the real Hub; that is, the centre of the country?

A. In the eastern part of Kansas is the real centre. The centre of population was near the village of Taylorsville, Ky., in 1880.

Q. What is the meaning of the word "ōs"?

A. A low ridge of stone or gravel, supposed to be a moraine formed by glaciers, so called, in Scandinavia; also, a similar ridge, supposed to be of moraine origin, in other countries; also, a ridge of sand and gravel formed under water by currents piling up the materials behind some obstruction.

Q. What is a "shaw"? We find the word in English books.

A. A thicket; a small wood or grove. It is used in the line, —

"The green shaw, the merry green woods."

Various answers were given to the question submitted by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Owens: "How many bones in the human body?" The correct answer being, "208 bones, not counting the teeth."

The game was played in both ways. After a series of questions had been written and answered, Mr. Brunton gave out a fresh series to the different sets of partners in turn, which were answered by each in consultation. Some of these Queries were: —

Q. From what country were pins first brought into England, and what queen used them first?

A. France; Katharine Howard.

Q. How many languages are there?

A. 6,750.

(Mr. Fortescue inquired if this included Volapük, — a query nobody could answer.)

Q. What is the oldest game in the world?

Various answers were given to this. The answer accepted was: Checkers, supposed to be over four thousand years old.

"Then," said Mr. Chester, "we cannot consider chess our oldest 'chestnut.'"

"Though that was played," said Mr. Fortescue, "at the siege of Troy."

"The Chinese claim to be its originators," said Mr. Martin.

"All of this reminds me," said Mr. Fortescue, "of our old game of 'Clumps,' which we have basely neglected in the midst of our Fagots."

"But I was planning to recall it to-night," said Aspasia; "for Mr. Martin gave me the other day

some account of this game of 'Queries,' and I found he knew nothing of our old game of 'Clumps.'"

"I have played often," said Mr. Martin, "the classic game of 'Twenty Questions,' and never tire of it. It is an excellent travelling game."

"How did you play it?" asked Eustace Brunton.

"In the simplest way," replied Mr. Martin. giving his rules.

Twenty Questions.

One person thinks of some object not easily thought of or guessed, and the rest of the party are allowed to ask twenty questions about it, and no more. It is astonishing how a good questioner will bring out the correct answer, merely by such questions as: "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?" "Is it found in fiction or history?" and so on.

"The terrible game of 'Clumps,'" said Mr. Chester, "is founded upon this simple diversion."

"I do believe we gave it up," said Mrs. Chester, "because we used to fight over it so."

"Our last battle was over the gray hair in Homer's left eyebrow, I remember," said Angelina.

"But where did the fight come in?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Everywhere," answered Mr. Chester gloomily.

"I remember," said Angelina, "Mr. Chester objected to everything. He objected to our answering that Homer ever existed in real life; he declared he was a character in fiction."

"No, I said you did not know but he was," interrupted Mr. Chester.

"Then, whether in history or fiction, you objected that we did n't know that he had any gray hair in his left eyebrow."

"But if he begged his bread in seven towns in his old age," said Rodney Owens, "of course he had gray hairs."

"But perhaps he had no left eyebrow," persisted Mr. Chester; "perhaps he never begged his bread; perhaps it was another man of the same name."

Then arose a clamor, — everybody had something to say. Mr. Martin wanted to know Mr. Chester's real opinion on the Homer question. Mrs. Chester declared she was shocked, for nobody ever "kept up" his Homer more than Mr. Chester did, — and indeed she confided to Mr. Martin that he carried a volume of the Iliad in his pocket when he travelled.

"The idea of calling Homer 'a character in fiction'!" exclaimed Mr. Wyllis.

"You see," said Mrs. Fortescue, "the kind of

battles we used to wage over our 'Clumps;' but do let us calm down for Aspasia's description of the game."

Aspasia read as follows:—

Clumps (sometimes called The Two Captains).

The company should be divided into two parties, containing an equal number of persons. Each party or side chooses a leader. The two leaders go out of the room together, and decide upon some subject, object, or event which is to be guessed by the remainder of the company, to whom they then return. Each leader takes his place in the adversary's party, instead of his own. Any number of questions may be asked by the guessers, but the answers may only be given in the monosyllables "yes" and "no," and the questions must be framed in such a way that they can be so answered. The side which first guesses the thing chosen is the victor. Both the leaders then join the victorious party, and new ones are chosen to continue the game, who in their turn join the victors. When the play is finished, that side wins the game which numbers the most individuals.

Here is an illustration of the method of playing this game, the object chosen being a very simple one, easy of explanation:—

OBJECT CHOSEN, — *Cinderella's glass slipper for the left foot.*

Q. Is it animal ?
A. No.
Q. Mineral ?
A. Yes.
Q. Is it a manufactured article ?
A. Yes.
Q. Did it exist in real life ?
A. No.
Q. In fiction ?
A. Yes.
Q. Could it be carried in a quart cup ?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it liquid ?
A. No.
Q. Could it get into a pint cup ?
A. No.
Q. Was it black ?
A. No.
Q. Red ?
A. No.
Q. White ?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it for ornament ?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it a jewel ?
A. No.

Q. Was it useful?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it used by a human being?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it used by a man?
A. No.
Q. By a woman?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it an article of dress?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it for the head?
A. No.
Q. For the hands?
A. No.
Q. The waist?
A. No.
Q. The feet?
A. Yes.
Q. Was it a stocking?
A. No.
Q. A boot?
A. No.
Q. A shoe?
A. No.
Q. A slipper?
A. Yes.
Q. For both feet?
A. No.

Q. For the right foot ?

A. No.

Q. For the left ?

A. Yes.

Q. Was it of gold ?

A. No.

Q. Of silver ?

A. No.

Q. Glass ?

A. Yes.

Q. Cinderella's glass slipper for the left foot ?

A. Yes.

This discovery is announced by clapping of hands from the triumphant party.

" Cinderella's slipper was left, of course," was Mr. Chester's comment on the description.

But the playing of the game was abandoned, for Mr. Erastus and Sally Chester had meanwhile been planning another Fagot, which was to be tried directly, Sally coming into the room with a large sheet over her arm. The game was described as —

Hunt the Feather.

The company must sit round in a circle on the floor, and a large sheet is taken into the middle of the circle, which each one of the party must

seize, and hold it under his own chin, till it falls into a horizontal position. A feather is placed on the sheet, and one of the party remains outside, who is to try to catch the feather, which is constantly blown from one to another. It is the object of each player to blow the feather away from himself, for he is obliged to take the place of the one outside if the feather is caught in front of him. He cannot help himself with his hands, which are busy holding the sheet in position under his chin. This is sometimes played with forfeits, the player who is touched by the feather being required to pay a forfeit.

The laughter from the amusing efforts of the players quite removed any ill-feeling which might have lingered in the renewal of the old battles over "Clumps," and there was an interested row of spectators around the feather contest.

"It quite takes the place of the old 'Hunt the Slipper' of our childhood," said Aspasia.

Some of the others had meanwhile withdrawn to look at some specimens of another favorite old game, which was described by Aunt Cecilia.

Buried Cities.

Lines of poetry or sentences are made, in which the name of some city is concealed. The letters forming the name must follow in due

order, but are hidden, because they appear in different successive words. The following lines show the buried cities in the words underscored : —

Beau*ty re*wards the eyes *I do* not deny.
Sweet lam*b, ever ly*ing on the grass.

The following lines contain the names of two cities : —

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Linger not here;
Tarry not for a nap,
Lest daylight appear.

Some new sentences were given, as follows :

He sent his wife Sara
To gather the fruit,
To be sold at wholesale, —
Melons with them to boot.

(This example contains two cities buried.)

Did you think I was constant? I, no!
Plebeians may be found so slow.

Does the upholsterer consider buff a low tone for this room?

Clara Fortescue hoped there would be time to try a game for which she had brought the cards, and which she described, called —

Initials.

Provide yourself with a pack of cards upon which the letters of the alphabet have been

printed conspicuously. There should be only one letter on each card, and more than one alphabet will be needed. Four or five will not be too many, but Z's and Q's are not as necessary as the other letters. Choose a leader; place him where he can be seen plainly. He must put the cards on his knees, face downwards. He then calls for the name of some historian, general, country, town, or any object he pleases, beginning with the letter which he turns up from the pack and holds up to view, reading it distinctly as he does so. He must name his object before turning up the card.

Whoever in the circle first names the object called for, receives the card. When the cards have all been used, he who holds the most has beaten.

Thus, the leader says: "Name a shire in England beginning with —" [Here he turns up the top card, which shows the letter M] "M."

Some one cries "Middlesex!" and receives the card.

Name one of Scott's heroines beginning with — F.

Name one of Dickens's novels beginning with — R; and so on.

If no one can give an answer, the card returns to the leader.

The interest of the game depends very much upon the quickness and versatility of the leader. He should make his objects as varied as possible, and allow no pauses.

"We have not had a Riddle to-night," exclaimed Cecilia Owens.

"I am furnished with one," said Hector Brunton, "but I must confess that it is not original with me. I have the Riddle, and an answer in rhyme.

"Riddle.

"Fifty and 1 are my *First* and my *Second*,
That is, my *Second* and *Third* are;
My *Whole* is a crime, or as such would be reckoned
By some people, far worse than murder."

"How mysterious it sounds!" exclaimed Cecilia.

"What can it be?" cried Sally.

"I think I see it," said Mr. Fortescue, "but I should like to hear the answer. It is capital!"

Answer to Riddle.

I cannot tell your *Whole*, yet
If figures do not *lie*,
If **1** and **2**, and 2 and 3, are L and I, and *i* and *e*,
I 've guessed it, haven't I?

"The answer is as clever as the Riddle," exclaimed Mr. Martin and others; but Sally Chester was still lost in the mystery.

Another game was introduced, called —

Pass the Quarter.

The company sits in a ring, with one in the centre. Every person in the ring holds out the left hand *open*. With the right he makes the motion to take a quarter from his left hand and deposit it in the left hand of his neighbor on his right. There is actually one quarter in circulation. But with the continued motion all together, it is almost impossible to find. When the seeker finds it, the person who had it is "it."

THIRTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

GRABOUGE. — THREE - HANDED WHIST. — JACOBY. — BOARDED. — DOMINO WHIST. — KOPAK. — PHOTOGRAPH WHIST. — SHADOW PANTOMIME. — EYES PUZZLE. — MAGICAL MUSIC. — FLING THE TOWEL.

MRS. OWENS received the next Fagot-party. She had suggested at their last meeting that it would be a good plan to collect a number of games of cards suitable for summer evenings, — "when it was too cold to stay out," as she said.

"And for the older people," Mr. Chester added, "who never want to stay out."

The rooms, therefore, were arranged with a number of tables for card-playing, and a variety of games were brought forward as Fagots. After listening to the explanations of the different games, the company broke up into parties for playing them, each Fagot-bearer present passing to a different table to explain more carefully his methods.

Mrs. Owens herself described her favorite game of —

Grabouge.

This is a game usually played by four persons and with partners, and requires twelve packs of cards.

After these are thoroughly shuffled, deal twenty-one cards to each person, to be placed on his right hand, face up, to form a stock or "Desperation Pile."

Divide the rest of the cards into four equal packs, one for each player, face down.

The one who has the lowest card uppermost on his stock begins to play by taking five cards from his pack. These he is to place on the table before him, ready to form four piles. If an ace turns up in the stock or in his hand, it is to be placed in the middle of the table as foundation for a sequence, as in games of Patience, not following suit. The game is continued by the first player laying down his five cards in his front piles, or distributing them on the sequences in the middle of the board, if he turns up cards that are suitable. After he has played all that he is able, his partner can "assist" (after his five cards are laid down), if he has any card available on his reserved stock or in his front piles.

Always use from the stock where it is possible, in preference to cards in the front piles.

After the partner has assisted, the game passes on to the next in turn in the same way. When a pile is completed in the middle of the table, the one who puts on the king takes the trick. Each trick counts 1. The cards left in stock of a player after the other stocks are used, count as many to the opposite side as there are cards left.

Great care must be taken in laying down the four piles that they may be easily used; not putting high cards on low ones.

The game ends satisfactorily when all the tricks are complete, and the side which has the most tricks beats.

This game can be played by two or three or more persons, each one playing for himself.

Mr. Wyllis brought forward —

Three-handed Whist.

Deal the cards to the three players, turning up the last as trumps, but never using it. Each person puts six cards before him on the table, face downward, six more above them, face upward, five cards remaining in the hand. Play as in ordinary whist, using either the cards in your hand or those turned upward on the table. As each of those exposed on the table is played, turn the card under it face upward, and play it also when needed. Of course there are no part-

ners, and either five or ten tricks are game. Honors are scored as in long whist, and all other laws of whist apply.

Another game was introduced, called —

Jacoby.

This is played by three, the fourth hand held by Dumby. Deal as in whist, turning up the fourth hand, on the left of the dealer, for Dumby. His hand should be sorted in suits, in sequence, the highest cards uppermost, the clubs ranking highest in the first right hand row; next the hearts, then spades, then diamonds. This order is necessary, as Dumby never has any choice in playing, following suit when he can, but when he cannot, playing the first card in the first row till that row is exhausted, then passing through the next in turn, and so on.

Dumby never is allowed to take a trick, and therefore never leads.

In playing, it is an object to get rid of the Jacks, as each Jack held by a player in the tricks he has taken, lessens his reckoning. Each trick counts 1.

But every Jack of	Clubs	takes	4	from	the	count.
" "	Hearts	"	3	"	"	
" "	Spades	"	2	"	"	
" "	Diamonds	"	1	"	"	

For instance, if six tricks are taken with a Jack of clubs among the cards, only 2 are counted.

Play as in whist, the highest card taking the trick, following suit. There is no trump.

The game is 10. In counting up at the end, if any one has not tricks enough to balance the value of the Jacks held, the sum lacking is set down as "minus."

"Great skill is required," continued Mr. Wyllis, "to ward off the terrible possession of a Jack, especially the Jack of clubs, who takes away 4 from the count. It is, therefore, quite an object to get rid of the cards of one suit, to gain a chance to throw away an undesirable Jack."

Mrs. Owens deserted the game of Grabouge that she had been superintending, to learn how to play a "two-handed" Patience, that would be useful for herself and Cecilia. This was called

Boarded, —

To be played by two persons, each with a well-shuffled pack. The player who cuts the highest card begins, and should lay out first a pile of thirteen cards at his right, to serve as stock, with face up. Then a column of four cards on the side of the table at his right. If any ace appears, it should be laid on the board

for foundation of a sequence; or if afterward any card available for carrying on a sequence turns up, it should be directly used. The player can then pile up on the cards in the side row, following suit, putting a five on a six, for instance, or any card in descending sequence, being careful *always* to use first any suitable card from his reserved stock. He plays from his pack as long as he has a card suitable, and then lays down a card in front of him, which serves as the beginning of a talon.

The second player proceeds in the same way, making his stock and column of four cards, and using what he can. After this the game continues, each player in turn playing what cards are available, and using both side columns of cards. Each player can put an available card on his adversary's stock, or talon, only he must be careful, then *as always*, to use his cards in this order: *first*, any available card from his stock; *then* from either side row of cards; *then* from his own talon, — before using the card he is about to turn up from his pack. It is important for him to follow this order, otherwise, if he neglects this, or makes any other mistake, his opponent can cry "Boarded!" and he can go on no longer on that turn, his adversary proceeding with the game. The talons can be

turned as often as needed. The player who uses up his cards first, wins.

An interested party occupied themselves with —

Domino Whist.

Three or more persons may play this game, but four is the most convenient number. All the cards are distributed, one at a time, to the players. The one next the dealer puts down the seven of some suit, if he has it; if not, he "passes," and must deduct 1 point from his score, which is 50 at the start. It is then the next person's turn to play either another seven, or the six or eight of the same suit as the seven previously played. If unable to play, he, too, must say "Pass," and lose a point by passing. The sevens are placed, as they are played, in a column in the middle of the board, one under the other, and the six or eight when played are put on the left and right of the seven of the corresponding suit. The five, when it appears, is placed upon the six of the same suit, the four upon the five, and so on, down to the ace; and in the same way the other cards, up to the kings, are built up on the eights of each suit, always following suit, each person losing 1 from his score each time he has to pass. As soon as any

one plays his last card, each other player lays his remaining cards before him on the table, and has as many points deducted from his score as he has cards left to him. The winner, who is the player who can count the most in this reckoning, adds to his score the aggregate number of cards unplayed. The game may be played till each person has dealt once all round, or twice, or any number of times previously set, according as a short or long game is desired. The person having the largest score at the close wins, each starting with 50.

It is convenient to have one person keep the score, carefully recording the deduction of "passes." But counters can be used, each player beginning with fifty counters, putting one into the pool for each "pass;" and the winner can draw from the pool the number of counters corresponding to the number of cards held at the close by the other players.

The game may be easily made "progressive," like progressive euchre.

Mr. Martin prefaced his game with an explanation that it very much resembled the old game of Casino, as it is the Russian form of that game. But he had played it as taught by a friend from Alaska, and it was such a pleasant round game that he wanted to explain it. It was called —

Kapak, or Kopak.

This game is played with a full pack of fifty-two cards. It regards principally the number of spots (generally without distinction of suit). The knave counts 11; queen, 12; king, 13. The good cards are the four aces, the ten of diamonds, and two of clubs; these last are called the "good ten" and the "good two." All clubs, moreover, are better than other cards.

If played by four, there may be partners, as in whist; but any number can play, each on his own account. When played by four, cut for deal. Then the dealer deals four cards to each person, and turns up the next four in the middle of the table. The first player must now play one card, and he may take with it as many of the cards turned up on the table as count spots equal in number to the spots of the card he plays; for instance, if there are among the cards on the table an *ace* and a *six*, by playing a *seven* you take those two cards and put them before you with your *seven*, making three cards in a sort of trick that belongs to you. More than this, if there were also a *seven* on the table, you can take that also; or if there were a *two* and a *five*, or a *three* and a *four*, you could take either combination. You can take all the combinations that

make *seven;* that is, that equal the spots on the card you play.

If at the first play there were besides an *ace* and a *six*, also a *two* and a *five* (or some other combination making seven), and you play *seven*, so as to sweep the whole table, you shout "Kapak!" and that scores you 1 in the final reckoning. You must be careful to mark the "kapaks" as they occur. This is done by turning one card over among the cards of the trick taken. Sometimes a kapak may be made thus: Suppose there are on the table a *two*, two *threes*, and a *five*, you play a king (13), and take them all.

But of course it is not likely that the first player will make a Kapak. He plays one card, and probably takes one or two. Perhaps, however, he can't take anything, in which case he must leave on the table the card that he plays. If he can't take anything, the table goes on with five cards for the second player. (If the first has taken something, there are only one, two, or three cards on the table.) The second player plays one card, and takes what he can, if anything, under the same principles, as stated above, for the first; and so the game goes on. After going round four times, the cards in the hands of the players being exhausted, the dealer deals

four more all round; and again, till the pack is exhausted. Then the cards remaining on the table at the end of the pack go to the last previous winners. The next hand then deals, beginning four all round, and turning up four on the table.

But the score must be settled before the change of dealer, and it is done in this way. The party having most cards scores 2 for "cards;" the party having most clubs scores 1 for "clubs;" then score 1 for each ace, 1 for the "good ten;" 1 for the "good two," 1 for each kapak.

	Points
Cards	2
Clubs	1
Good ten	1
Good two	1
Four aces	4
Points to score (besides kapak)	9

Generally the score is kept open until one side or the other reaches a number previously agreed on, — say 61. But the game may be played like whist, game by game at each deal with a rubber.

Of course, in playing, it is generally desirable to play a card which allows you to take an ace or the "good ten" or "two," in preference to a

card which might allow you to take more cards, but leave the *good* one on the table.

When a Kapak has been made, another very often follows immediately; the player who makes kapak leaving nothing on the table, the next one perforce plays a card, taking nothing. Now, if the third player can match this one card, he makes kapak again; and the fourth must again play one card, taking nothing. As first and third, second and fourth, are partners, a kapak is a "big thing."

There is no difference when more or less than four play, except that the score ought not to be made up until everybody has played the same number of cards.

A merry party was occupied for a short time with the game of —

Photograph Whist.

For this collect all the old portrait photographs you have of the size of playing-cards. Deal them round in turn, and play as in whist. The ugliest card takes. The one who takes the most tricks beats.

Mrs. Owens objected very much to this game, as she was sensitive with regard to the photographs of friends whom she held dear. But Rodney and Cecilia declared that it was a libel

upon their friends to believe that they ever resembled the photographs which were collected to play with on this occasion. Rodney declared that he should be highly flattered if the photographs of himself in his earlier years should succeed in winning the tricks; "for, according to the old proverb, it is the ugly babies that turn out handsome in the end."

Many of the parties remained, going on with the games in which they were interested, while some of the young people begged to shut the folding-doors in preparation for —

Shadow Pantomime.

This is done behind a screen formed by a large sheet stretched across an open space, in front of which the spectators are to be placed. When all is ready, the lights are all removed in front of the sheet, and a strong light is placed behind the performers, who enact some scene or scenes, placing themselves very near the curtain, on which their shadows are thrown in clear outline, and seen by those in front.

On this occasion a large kerosene lamp was placed at the back of the room where the performers were; and after the screen was placed, the card-players were requested to lay down their cards for a while to witness the perform-

ances, while the gas-lamps were turned down, and they were left to sit in utter darkness.

Eustace Brunton was the leader in this game, and he proceeded to announce a procession of animals passing to a menagerie. These were represented in a remarkable manner by a series of shadows of some of the young men, who transformed themselves and enacted in turn an elephant, a hippotamus, camel, etc., the donkey performed by Arthur and his brother Jack perhaps exciting the most applause, with some very expressive movable ears.

After this, the ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" was acted, Clara Fortescue singing the words behind the scene.

The "chieftain to the Highlands bound" was conspicuous from his tall, waving feather, and the boatman came up to shore in a boat that was improvised from a family clothes-basket, oval in form. The "father's men" were seen trooping in in a tumultuous manner across the stage, which was afterwards left for the tragic scene at the end. Cecilia Owens, as the heroine, was seen in shadow, —

> "One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
> And one was round her lover."

The tall figure of Eustace Brunton was seen

"left lamenting," while the "stormy water" was represented by the shaking of shawls, which "lashed the shore."

The sheet was afterwards used for a trial of the —

Eyes Puzzle.

The folding-doors were brought nearly together, and a figure appeared in the opening, with the upper part of the head shrouded, and a sheet held up in front of the lower part of the face, till only the eyes could show. The rest of the company were to tell whose eyes they were, — a question difficult to answer, when the surroundings of the eyes are not seen.

On this occasion Hector Brunton's dark eyes gave great uncertainty. Many guessed them to belong to Aspasia.

"I should have supposed that Hector's were coal-black," said Mrs. Chester; "but these are a dark hazel."

"Very few eyes, if any," said Mr. Martin, "are coal-black; and it is the shadow of the eyebrow that gives the depth of color."

Cecilia Owens, to assist in this, brought down her large Egyptian mantle, called a "habara," which covers the whole figure, — with a black band to pass across the forehead, to which was

attached a gilt "nose piece," connecting it with a long narrow black scarf which reached the ground. The scarf was brought up on the sides to each ear, thus leaving none of the face but the eyes to be seen. This proved an admirable disguise.

"I wish we could have the old game of 'Magical Music,'" said Mrs. Fortescue, as they were shuffling up the twelve packs of cards after a game of Grabouge.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Owens. "Will not Clara play for us for a game of —

"Magical Music?

"One person must go out, and the rest of us must think of something for him or her to do, or something must be hidden, which the person who is out of the room is to find. On coming in, he is to learn what is to be done, by the strains of music which must be played to direct him. The strains must be low if he goes wrong, but very forcible and triumphant if he is right. They can even guide him to the corner of the room where he is expected to go."

Clara Fortescue seated herself at the piano. Both Sally Chester and Rose Grafton had gone out together, and came in to guess what they were to do by the strains of music played. These strains were very low as they passed

through the front room, but grew louder as they went into the back room, and were soon led to a corner where a shawl belonging to Mrs. Owens hung over a chair. This they quickly seized, and by the strains of triumphant music carried it into the other room to put it upon Mrs. Owens's shoulders.

"Do let us now," exclaimed Cecilia, "have a lively game of —

"**Fling the Towel.**

"The whole company must form a large circle, in the centre of which one of the players stands. A large towel must then be flung by some one in the circle, with the intention of reaching some other player. If the player in the middle succeeds in catching it on its way, he takes the place of the one who flung the towel, who must take his place in the middle. If it hits the other player at whom it was aimed, this player must try to get rid of it by flinging it to somebody else before the one in the middle can reach it. This is difficult if the towel has fallen over his head; and he is likely to be caught, and obliged to take the place in the middle."

This game gives occasion for great activity; and all those at the card-tables deserted their cards to join in, as the larger the party, the merrier.

FOURTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

METAMORPHOSIS. — FARMYARD. — SAPOLIO. — TRAVELLING ALPHABET. — WHISPERS. — EPITAPHS. — NOVEL. — IMPROMPTU NEWSPAPER. — BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES. — CAT'S CONCERT.

THE next party met, at the invitation of Mr. Martin, at the hotel in which he was staying. "I have prepared," he said, "a supply of pencils and paper, as I am especially fond of the writing kind of game."

"And, do confess," said Mr. Chester, "that you think Bostonians pine for such, and that men, women, and children, we are all scribblers!"

"I am going to ask you to become artists," said Mr. Martin, "for I will be the first to bring my Fagot forward, with the game of —

"Metamorphosis.

"Each member of the company must be furnished with a slip of paper and pencil, and must draw at the top of the sheet the head of some animal, — human being, beast, or bird. This he folds down, and passes to his next neighbor,

receiving a sheet in turn, folded down in the same way. Some lines should be left below the fold to show in what part of the paper the neck is placed. To this must be attached, by the person who receives it, the body of any animal; and this must be turned down in the same way and passed on. To this some legs must be added, — two or four legs, according to the fancy of the artist. When the papers are unfolded, the animals prove far different from those planned by their originators."

Some remarkable pictures were the result of this game.

"It might be called the game of Evolution," suggested Mr. Chester; "only some of these figures can scarcely be called an advance, — not the Ascent, but the Descent, of Man!"

A lively game was introduced by Mr. Erastus, called —

The Farmyard.

The leader must go round the circle, giving to each person the name of some animal, — beast or fowl. These names he whispers to each in turn. He gives them at the same time two signals: when he raises his right hand, each animal must make the noise peculiar to his kind. As soon as he raises his left hand, all must be silent.

Mr. Erastus acted as leader, going round the circle, giving to each a character. When he raised his hand there came up the mingled strains of a farmyard, — the horses neighed, the cows mooed, the dogs barked, the cocks crowed, the geese hissed, the turkeys gobbled. The younger members of the party gladly gave themselves to this performance, and prolonged with delight their characteristic screams.

Silence was suddenly commanded and restored when the left hand was raised; but, solitary and alone, the voice of the donkey interrupted it with a loud-sounding "hee-haw." For, as Mr. Erastus continued to explain, the leader, in whispering his signals to the different members, is careful to inform the donkey that his characteristic noise is only given a little louder when the left hand is raised.

Eustace Brunton was the one selected for this character, and he bore the laugh against him with the more philosophy as he was somewhat proud of his gifts in rendering the bray of the donkey.

After the laugh was over, Eustace Brunton said: "On my way here, I invented a new game; so I think I deserve better of my kind —"

"We are much obliged to you," interrupted Mr. Chester.

"I always wondered where games came from," said Mr. Martin; "it is delightful to trace one at its source."

Eustace presented his new one as —

The Sapolio Game.

"Each member of the company, in turn, gives a motto for Sapolio, introducing a letter of the alphabet, taken in order.

"For instance," he went on, "I will give —

> "A was an Andiron, dingy and old;
> S was Sapolio, that changed it to gold."

Rodney Owens went on: —

> "B was some Banisters, not fit to be seen;
> But up came Sapolio, to make them quite clean."

Others followed: —

> "D is the Dust that was soon put to flight
> By S for Sapolio, that brought day from night."

> "E is the Everything cleaned by Sapolio, —
> The list would fill up the F of a Folio."

The alphabet was quickly run through, the less inventive of the party borrowing basely from the advertisements they remembered in the horse-cars.

The next game suggested was —

The Travelling Alphabet.

The players sitting in a row, the first one must mention the name of some city he is going to, beginning with the letter A, and must ask of his neighbor what he shall do there. The next person must make an answer in which all the verbs and nouns begin with an A, the same letter as the city just mentioned begins with. He must then mention a city beginning with the letter B, and ask of his neighbor what he shall do there; and the answer must be given in the same way, the principal words beginning with the letter B. The alphabet can be gone through with as far as you please in the same manner. The game was begun as follows: —

"I am going on a journey to Athens; what shall I do there?"

"Admire ancient antiquities."

"I am going on a journey to Boston; what shall I do there?"

"Be bothered by Browning."

"I am going to Cambridge; what shall I do there?"

"Call on clever collegians."

"I am going on a journey to Damascus; what shall I do there?"

"Dance with the dervishes."

"We might go on with this game forever," said Mr. Chester; "there 's something very soothing about it."

"Suppose we stop for the Fagot that Rose Grafton has brought," said Aspasia,—"the game of —

"Whispers.

"It is very simply described. Each person whispers to his neighbor on the right some name, and on the left a motto. Afterward each person repeats aloud the name and the motto that have been given him."

The following are specimens of some of the "Whispers," which give the name and motto as they came by chance together: —

WORDSWORTH.

"Beauty chased he everywhere, —
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air."

GEORGE ELIOT.

"Life is real, life is earnest."

COUNT TOLSTOÏ.

"My little body is aweary of this great world."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

"His bark is worse than his bite."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Where there 's a will, there 's a way."

LYDIA PINKHAM.

"I have an exposition of sleep."

In a talk that followed about the stories of a great blizzard that had prevailed a week before, everybody congratulated each other that the Fagot-party did not occur the night of the storm, for that night had first been appointed, but afterward had been changed.

"Those of us who did assemble would have had to write the epitaphs of the others," said Mr. Chester.

"Why not write them now?" exclaimed Eustace; "it must be gratifying to be able to read our own." And he thus started the game of —

Epitaphs.

"Here is a simple one on Miss Grafton: —

Here reposes
The ashes of Rose's."

"No wonder Mr. Chester started this suggestion," said Mr. Fortescue, "for doubtless his parents gave him the name of Charles Gordon, in view of his epitaph: —

CI-GÎT
CHESTER."

To which Hector Brunton added, —

He died as he lived, — a
Jester.

Mr. Erastus made one upon Cecilia Owens:

So much "Patience" she has Taught,
We all shall Place (without dissent)
The sole Memorial that we ought,
Of Patience on Her Monument.

Rodney Owens suggested this: —

Aspasia Brunton,
She left her Pallet
For the Pallet of the Poor
And to cater to their Palate.
For their Ease
She forsook her Easel
And relinquished her Brushes
For Brushes with the Policemen.
Pity, O Pity,
To lose a Pittore!

Another followed —

ON
MR. ERASTUS,
Who cut himself in shaving.

This happy age has brought the reign of peace;
But will the reign of bloodshed never cease?
I could protect myself 'gainst foreign conquerors' steel, —
No talisman could hold my treach'rous razor's heel.

On
Miss Angelina B.

An Angel there? an Angel here;
For no one who has seen her
But what will say it seems as though
She had an Angel in her.

"Why should we not amuse ourselves," said Mr. Wyllis, "with relating a —

"Novel?

"One person begins with a story, and carries it along till he reaches an exciting point, when he suddenly calls upon somebody else, who must continue it, by carrying on the thread of the story, and then in an interesting part leaving it for some one else to go on with it.

"I will begin," continued Mr. Wyllis, "by calling upon Mr. Jones to start the Novel."

Mr. Jones, nothing daunted, began. He had lived many years in India, and started with an exciting account of a tiger-hunt; and had just reached a thrilling moment at the death of — somebody, when he called upon Angelina Brunton to go on with it. She took up the thread directly, and showed a wonderful skill in using all the East Indian terms, such as "bungalow," "tiffin," and "ghorawallah," and bringing in East Indian customs in an exaggerated way; but

soon got her characters off upon a P. and O. steamer, when she called upon Mr. Martin to go on. He brought the personages in the novel into a most trying position, and left them to Aspasia to release them. At the beginning a heroine had been introduced, and by this time she had a series of admirers, and each fresh person who took up the tale amused himself by favoring one or another of the lovers, whose successes the next to take up the story would crush in a ruthless manner, to the advantage of a fresh aspirant.

"I think it is a great pity that all this is not written down," said Mr. Brunton at last.

"Why, indeed," suggested Eustace Brunton, "should not we start an —

"Impromptu Newspaper?

"Appoint some one an editor, and each member of the company must then write an article and send in to him, which he shall read aloud when all are collected."

The idea was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Martin's pencils and paper were directly put in requisition, and almost everybody set to work scribbling.

Eustace Brunton was appointed editor, and in course of time he was able to present the newspaper of the evening, —

No More.

VOL. I. BOSTON, APRIL 1. No. 1.

"One is enough."

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

A NUMBER of titles have been suggested to us for this paper, and we wish to render our thanks for the numerous hints we have received in this line. One correspondent informs us that it cannot be called a "journal," because it is not published in the day. Another that it should not be called a "weekly," as he hopes it will not be weak. We might have accepted "The Moment" as a title; but it was but a moment, and is gone. "The Second" was proposed; but as there never will be a second, this was rejected.

We therefore offer it under its present name, in the hope that our readers will allow No More is needed.

THE EDITORS solemnly promise that certain phrases shall not occur more than once in these columns. Therefore at the outset they insist themselves upon using the overworked statement (although true on this occasion) that "they have the courage of their convictions;" in order that it may not appear again, any manuscripts containing it will be directly consigned to the waste-paper basket.

IT is our pleasure to state in advance that we shall not attempt any especial order in the arrangement of the several articles we present to

our readers, and we are pleased to be encouraged in our lack of conventionality by some forcible words of Dr. Channing, who says: "It is the mark of a weak mind to make an idol of order and method, and to cling to established forms of business where they clog instead of advancing it."

ART NOTES.

We must confess that we can hardly conceive the state of mind which can calmly tolerate, much less enjoy, a collection of pictures whose general character is so deplorable as that of the works now shown at the Fine Arts Club. The large picture in the centre, No. 10, by Mr. Scarlett, "Child and Rabbit in a Greenhouse," is an example of the prevalent realistic school in one of its most revolting aspects. Who and what is this child? It appears but two years of age at most; but its air of premature depravity suggests its having entered the greenhouse in a burglarious manner, while the presence of the rabbit gives reason for fearing that a theft of this innocent animal had already been committed before the later crime. The technique is fine; but what, we would ask Mr. Scarlett, is technique? what is skill? what is Art itself, — when used to encourage, nay, to invite to, the hideous crime of burglary?

On either side of the production of this mistaken young man hangs a marine, by Mr. Farrington. One bears the brief title of "The Billow;" the other is called "Sunrise." Mr. Farrington's admirers profess to enjoy these works; we confess ourselves unable to do so. Where, we would ask, is the use of two landscapes whose only merit is the servile following

of Nature? Where is their moral purpose, Mr. Farrington? Show us your moral purpose!

And so on, through a list, too long, of dazzling and delusive paintings. But here and there some modest work looks shyly forth to refresh the wearied eye. Miss Millie Sickles exhibits a sweet painting, entitled "Blue Bells." This is real Art; here is no slavish imitation of Blue Bells, — in fact, we should scarcely have known that these were Blue Bells. But all the poetry, all the charm, all the gladsome grace of Blue Bells are here. Go on, Miss Millie Sickles; you at least have found a modest woodland path which will lead far above the arid summits sought by Scarlett and Farrington, to peaceful heights among the revered presences of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the great Da Vinci.

PROBABILITIES.

THE WEATHER. — Indications (for twenty-four hours). Partially cloudy weather, with winds shifting from northerly to southeasterly, veering occasionally to fresh westerly. Generally fair, with local rains, turning to snow.

PROBABILITIES IN SOCIAL CIRCLES. — Weather in Boston. Cold, at freezing-point, thawing on rare occasions. Wind east, and blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

MONEY MARKET.

CLOSING quotations at last sales. We give only the chief feature of to-day. This was a speculation in Tamarinds. They began at 34, and jumped 10 points to 44, — perhaps in consequence of a holiday and the small boys.

TERRIBLE CASUALTIES

IN THE TOWN OF SANGUIS! THIS BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE, SUBJECT TO EVERY FORM OF CALAMITY EXCEPT THAT OF A $1,000,000 FIRE!

IT IS NOT

DELIVERED OVER TO FLAMES,

BUT EVERY OTHER KIND OF FATALITY HAS VISITED IT.

ALL THE SURGEONS HAVE STRUCK!

GREAT CONSTERNATION! SURGEONS SUMMONED FROM THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF OSSIS!

FRESH CALAMITIES BEFALL THEM!

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS!

MICHAEL MOURIGAN fell senseless from a ladder with rotten rungs as he was about to help the slaters on the roof of Widow Hunting's house. She died of fright. James Bartle broke his leg in Tim Oliver's saw-mill; Sarah Jones's boy was hurled half way across the circus by the elephant as he was trying the experiment of making a pincushion of the beast's proboscis. And so on.

Terrible to relate, all the surgeons in the town were deaf to all the cries of the injured and the entreaties of their friends. "Shall not our turn come?" they exclaimed. "If locomotive engineers can keep half a continent at bay, stop the mails, prevent the absent wife from get-

ting to the bedside of her dying husband, and let a sick infant starve for want of milk, — are *we* to be turned out of our warm beds at dead of night to set a bone or apply a plaster for the miserable pittance which we have been receiving?"

Upon hearing this, the Sanguinians sent for the surgeons at Ossis. But as soon as Dr. Lancet was seen entering our town, a big mastiff was set upon him that scared his horse so that the doctor was upset and left almost helpless. Word was sent out, too, "Let any surgeon from Ossis come this way if he dare!"

So here they are, without surgeons. But Mother Huldah and Aunt Thompson, as we call those good old nurses who earned their laurels in war-time, are on hand, and will help to tide us over the present emergency.

WHAT UNCLE JOHN THINKS. — I have observed the difference between people of brazen faces and people of silver tongues. I recollect having read in one of the classical books that brass mirrors were preferred to silver ones. That was because they were better reflectors. Let us hope that this is not true of people with brazen faces.

WE believe that the Associated Charities and Home Mission during this next summer will be able to receive some hints for disinterestedness in as old a story as the "Sakuntala." As represented in that drama, three girls are watering flowers in a sacred grove. One of them says to another: "My beloved friend, the shrubs which you have watered flower in the

summer, which is now begun. Let us give water to those which are past their flowering time, for our virtue will be the greater when it is disinterested."

HINTS FOR SUBURBANS IN CHOOSING A HOME. — The "Hiotpadeza" says: "Let no man fix his dwelling but where five advantages are found,— wealth, a divine teacher, a magistrate, a river, and a physician."

LATEST FASHION FOR EVENING PARTIES. — In the Jumna country, south of Abyssinia, they teach monkeys to officiate as torch-bearers at a supper-party. They are seated on raised benches, and hold the lights till the departure of the guests. Occasionally, one of them gets unruly, and throws his torch into the midst of the guests. For such behavior the remedy is sticks and starvation.

TABLE GOSSIP.

THE world of wealth and fashion assembled last evening at the house of one of our most esteemed and influential citizens, Mr. B——n, and the entertainment provided for the amusement of this brilliant assembly was highly original, and even surpassed some of the former entertainments at this hospitable mansion. First came *tableaux vivants*, presenting groups of lovely women and manly men in glowing, artistic costumes. Then followed charades, betraying wit and humor only to be found in the intellectual circle of which this family form the centre. But the crowning glory of the

whole was a pantomime, with which the performances closed, and which was a delicate tribute to one of the talented and cultured daughters of the amiable host. The first scene represented Cleopatra holding in her hand the venomous destroyer of her life. The second depicted a scene in the tropics, which was skilfully pictured by pots of aloes and ferns from the greenhouse, with two live monkeys clambering over them, and a parrot which uttered the beloved name of its lovely mistress. The whole was represented by Miss B——n in Greek costume as the brilliant woman whose name is linked with that of Pericles.

PAPER, BUT NO PAPYRUS. — Oddly enough, papyrus is no longer found in Egypt. They probably grubbed it all up for their paper factories. It is raised as a curiosity near Syracuse, and travellers can buy specimens of modern papyrus manufactured there.

SPECIMEN OF BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE maiden went to pick the four-leaved —
And there she met her long predestined —
And then she knew for her it all was —

Now well you know this maiden's name was —
And her betrothed youth was known as —
Who with him led her to the Roman —

And this young man, indeed, was very —
His last name, as you now must know, was —
Who vowed to love forever and for —

POET'S CORNER.

SMILES of pleasure dare I show?
No, no, no! No, no, no!
Does she one smile of grace bestow?
No, no, no! No, no, no!
Then shall I from her faithless go?
No, no, no! No, no, no!

Hopes of joy may I confess?
Yes, yes, yes! Yes, yes, yes!
For smiles of favor onward press?
Yes, yes, yes! Yes, yes, yes!
And with joy my love profess?
Yes, yes, yes! Yes, yes, yes!

PLEASANTRIES.

MISS A. (who has just returned from a tour in Europe): The Germans are certainly the rudest people in the world. They always acknowledge any favor you may do them by calling you a "donkey."

She: What are your sentiments, my dear, about my getting a new spring bonnet?
He: I think my centiments are likely to be dollar-ous.

"WHAT a queer title for a paper, 'The For'um!' For whom, I should like to know? — Why, it must be for the License Party; it is for Rum."

MR. W. says: "My father has just been executed and hung by my wife's father." (His wife's father was an artist.)

After the newspaper had been read and re-read, the suburbans declared that they must go home, but were detained to try another Fagot, called —

Beasts, Birds, and Fishes.

The party forms a circle; one stands in the middle and points suddenly at some one, crying out, "Beast," or "Bird," or "Fish," as he chooses, and counting ten as fast as he can. The one pointed at must mention the name of the beast or bird or fish demanded, before the counting stops, or he must take the place in the middle.

This was quickly played in a most animated way, as all were standing up, and created much amusement.

Arthur Chester insisted that they should end off with the game of —

Cat's Concert.

The whole party stand around a leader, and at a given signal they all begin to sing any tune they like.

It was difficult to bring this concert to a close, till Mrs. Chester insisted that they would all be turned out of the house if they did not leave.

FIFTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

CUM-JE-CUM. — APPRENTICE MY SON. — CAPPING VERSES. — THE FARMER. — JOHNNY'S TRADE. — BARBERRY BUSH. — ANCESTORS. — THROW A LIGHT. — UNITED STATES MAILS. — STAGE COACH. — UNCLE SAM. — FOUR FANS OF FIVE.

A LARGE party assembled at the Fortescues', and many young people, — some very little folks, friends of Bessie Fortescue, who were allowed to sit up till a late hour, because "the Fortescues were going away," and "they might all be grown up before they came back again." They begged for some youthful games, and Mrs. Fortescue was asked to show them some she used to play when she was a child.

"Can't you remember, Clara," she said to her daughter, "some of those I used to teach you?"

"There is one game we used to play forever; Tom and I were brought up on it, — 'Cum-je-cum!'" said Clara.

"Oh, yes!" "Oh, yes!" "Do let us have Cum-je-cum once more!" were exclamations heard on all sides.

"The name seems to be a combination of French and Latin," said Mr. Chester.

"Everybody knows how to play it," said Mrs. Fortescue; but she proceeded to give the directions.

Cum-je-cum.

Nobody goes out of the room, but somebody thinks of a word. Without even saying he has thought of a word, he utters the mystic phrase, "Cum-je-cum!" "What do you come by?" exclaim the others. He answers, "I come by a B.," or "a G.," or whatever letter the word he thought of begins with. The person who guesses it has to give the next word.

"Cum-je-cum!" exclaimed Eustace Brunton.

"What do you come by?" was the questioning reply.

"I come by F. F. F.," answered Eustace.

"Oh, that is too easy!" exclaimed Clara Fortescue.

"You don't mean 'Fagots for Fireside' are too easy?" suggested Mr. Chester.

"Cum-je-cum," said another.

"What do you come by?"

"I come by H. C.," was the reply.

"Horse-Cars," suggested Mr. Chester.

"Oh, no! it must be something in this room," said Clara.

After various questions and answers had been rattled off in this way for some time, Aspasia Brunton said: "I think we always preferred, in our family, the kindred game of Apprentice My Son."

"How is that played?" asked Rodney Owens; "the old games ought not to be allowed to die out."

"We play it frequently still," said Aspasia; "my younger brothers are very fond of it, and will be glad to join in it to-night; but I suppose Jimmy would prefer to have me explain —

"Apprentice My Son.

"One of the party begins by saying, 'I apprenticed my son to a grocer,' or 'to a confectioner,' or to any tradesman or salesman, and gives the initials of the first thing his son sold; and the rest must guess what it is. Whoever guesses it must proceed to 'apprentice' his son."

"I apprenticed my son," said Arthur Chester, "to a hardware store, and the first thing he sold was a B. A."

"Brass Andiron," "Burnt Alum," "Boston Advertiser," were offered in vain; but Jimmy Fortescue guessed "Brad-Awl," which was right.

Jimmy apprenticed his son to a hardware store, and the first thing he sold was a L. J. K. Mr. Chester suggested "Little John Knife;" but Timmy Brunton exclaimed, with blazing eyes, "Large Jack-Knife."

Timmy Brunton went on: "I apprenticed my son to a new cook, and the first thing he made was an O. D. C. P."

"Old Dominion Chicken-Pie," came from many voices; for all were "up" on their "Good Housekeeping."

"I must explain that we had one this very day," said Aspasia.

But this started a train of suggestions, and a series of new dishes for cooking was given out as the work of different "sons" apprenticed to cooks or cooking-schools by different members of the party.

"I was glad the other night," said Mr. Chester, after this game had been going on for some time, "to hear so young a person as Rodney Owens allude to 'Capping Verses.' I was afraid this classical game had passed to the shades with the rest of the ghosts."

"We used to play it at school," said Angelina; "but that is now many years ago, and we have played it lately a good deal at the seashore."

"It would be interesting to try it in so mingled a company as this," said Mr. Fortescue. "It would show how the fashion of poets passes away. I suppose the poets I should quote from would appear like old fogies to young people; but, I confess, I should find it as difficult to describe the game as to explain how I put on my boots."

Mr. Chester gave an explanation in the following way: —

Capping Verses.

Some one begins by quoting a line of poetry; the person who sits next him must directly, without pause, give a line beginning with the letter with which the last word of the previous line ended. Whoever fails to give a line in the time allotted, drops out of the game, which is sometimes left for a long time to two contestants, when at last one remains alone as victor.

The game was played for some time by a circle of twenty or more, who gradually dropped away, leaving a few who were anxiously watched by those who had been obliged to yield. Mr. Chester, Mr. Fortescue, Hector, and Aspasia Brunton, Rodney and Cecilia Owens, Mr. Wyllis, and Mr. Erastus held out till the last, and might have, apparently, kept up the game all night. Mr. For-

tescue had kept a note of the lines given, and afterward read out a part of them, as follows :

"Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven's first born."
"No! the heart that has truly loved never forgets."
"Still like muffled drums are beating."
"'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew."
"Words of a distant time and land."
"Dear as remembered kisses after death."
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."
"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."
"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear."
"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll."
"Life is real, life is earnest."
"Tell me not in mournful numbers."
"Said Abner, 'At last thou art come! ere I tell, ere thou speak.'"
"'Kiss my cheek, wish me well.' Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek."
"Kind hearts are more than coronets."
"Slowly and sadly we laid him down."
"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note."
"Ez for war, I call it murder."
"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king."
"Great contest follows, and much learned dust."
"The creeping tide came up along the sand."
"Dealing destruction; devastating doom."
"Made him our pattern to live and to die."
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."
"Dare to be true; nothing doth need a lie."
"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

"Here," said Mr. Fortescue, "are twenty-six

lines, given consecutively, and here are their authors, taken in order: Milton, Moore, Longfellow, Browning, Milnes, Tennyson, Pope, Gray, Tennyson, Byron, Longfellow, Longfellow, Browning, Browning, Tennyson, Wolfe, Wolfe, Lowell, Gray, Cowper, Kingsley, Anonymous, Browning, Gray, George Herbert, Lowell. There are four lines of Longfellow, four of Browning (it is quite striking that Browning 'caps' his own lines in the two quoted from 'Saul'), three of Tennyson, three of Gray, two of Lowell, and so on. A pretty good showing, too, of the older poets. I must confess that my memory went back to the alphabetical lists of lines I used to keep when a schoolboy, that I might have a needed letter all ready. 'E' was always in demand, and to-night my memory found up a 'G' in such a list, from Cowper's 'Garden,' of which I remembered nothing else; it is a good line, too, —

"'Great contest follows, and much learned dust.'"

"We used to give a whole couplet at school," said Aspasia; "this did not break up the meaning as much as by taking several lines."

"Hear the lively shouts of the children," said Angelina; "all this has not been entertaining for them, since they have deserted us."

Some of the very young people had, indeed,

gathered in a corner of one of the other rooms to show some of the Kindergarten games, such as The Farmer, with its refrain of, —

"Would you know how does the farmer,
Would you know how does the farmer,
Would you know how does the farmer
Sow his barley and wheat?"

Then accompanied with action, —

"Look you, so, so does the farmer,
Look you, so, so does the farmer,
Look you, so, so does the farmer
Sow his barley and his wheat."

The remaining stanzas begin as the first, but close with different questions, such as, —

"How does the farmer
Reap his barley and his wheat?"

The song thus goes on to show the motions of reaping, threshing, sifting, and finally of "taking home" the barley and wheat. All this was done with great spirit by the little people, who showed also the game of —

Johnny's Trade.

Johnny had to learn a trade, that he might earn his bread;
His mother said: "A miller be, and want you need not dread."
But Johnny did not like the sound the mill-wheels made in turning round.
Tra la la la la la la, etc.
Then did little Johnny cry: "A miller, no, not I!"

Johnny had to learn a trade, that he might earn his bread;
His mother said: "A blacksmith be, and want you need not dread."
But Johnny did not like the sound that from the anvil did resound.
Tra la la la la la la, etc.
Then did little Johnny cry: "A blacksmith, no, not I!"

Then Johnny said: "O mamma, dear! I'll be a drummer-boy."
And when he learned to beat the drum, oh! great then was his joy.
But soon he tired, as day by day he found that he the drum must play.
Tra la la la la la la, etc.
Then did little Johnny cry: "A drummer, no, not I!"

Then Johnny said: "A trumpeter is what I want to be."
And when the trumpet he could blow, oh! great then was his glee;
And so from morning until night he blew the trumpet with delight, —
Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot!
Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot!
Then did little Johnny cry: "A trumpter, yes, am I!"

All of this was carried out with appropriate action, the children all joining in the chorus, — much to the amusement of the older people. At the close, Angelina ran into the midst of the crowd and exclaimed: "Why should not we, all of us, have the old game of —

"Barberry Bush?

"One stands in the middle, as I have placed myself, for the Barberry Bush, and the rest must join hands and dance around me, singing, —

"'Here we go round the Barberry Bush,
Here we go round the Barberry Bush,
So early Monday morning.'"

Angelina carried her party along with her into the larger room, all singing, and then went on with the different representations of the game, beginning, —

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
We wash our clothes, we wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes
So early Monday morning."

And going on through "wringing" and "hanging out" to "ironing the clothes," making the motions for this with the right foot acting as flat-iron. The "Barberry Bush" then went on to suggest other pantomime, including, —

"This is the way we go to school,
We go to school, we go to school;"

ending at last with all clapping hands and singing, —

"This is the way we end our play,
We end our play, we end our play,
This is the way we end our play
So early Monday morning."

One of the guests, Mr. Preston, gave a description of some games he had seen played by the colored children in South Carolina, where the songs formed the greater part of the play, sung with much action.

Mr. Wyllis, when he found that Mr. Preston was from Philadelphia, said: "We have now an opportunity to play a game I saw described the other day in a New York newspaper." He drew from his pocket-book a "cutting" from a newspaper, which described thus the game of —

Ancestors.

"A new game at Newport this year is called 'Ancestors.' It is played by seven people, one of whom must be from Philadelphia. The Philadelphian is placed in the centre of a circle formed by the other six players, and tells stories about his family. The others try to believe him, and the first one who believes wins the game."

"Let us play it, by all means, though I never heard of it before," exclaimed Mr. Preston, placing himself in the middle of the company.

Six of the party were chosen to form a special circle about him, and he proceeded to tell some stories of his grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Gradually one after another left the circle, till only one remained.

"One of my ancestors," Mr. Preston continued, "has travelled over the world, jotting down everything, his words read and valued by everybody, — indeed, I don't believe there 's a word you read any day of your life but came originally from him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Chester, who was the last of the "believers" to remain, "you must mean A. Pen. But I can't believe you are descended from the celebrated William Penn, much as I esteem you."

And the game ended.

"This reminds me," said Mr. Fortescue, "of an old game, 'Throw a Light,' which depended upon a play upon words, and which we kept up as a favorite game until we had used up, I believe, all the words that have double meanings in the English language."

"Oh, yes, let us try it!" said Aspasia; and in answer to some questions upon the game, she replied: "This is the game of —

"**Throw a Light.**

"One of the company must think of a word that has a variety of meanings, and must begin to describe it, personally, as if he were the object himself, — now with one, now with another of its meanings. Any one in the company who

guesses the word, or has the slightest suspicion of it, must take up and go on with this description, never actually betraying the word, but even trying to veil it to puzzle the rest; and this must be kept up till everybody has guessed the word."

Rodney Owens began: "I am one of two; much revered, and also much abused and knocked about."

"You used to be on every table and under," said Angelina, who had already detected the word.

"On the dinner-table," answered Rodney.

"But now you are somewhat divided," said Aspasia.

"And very much dreaded in essence by invalid children," said Mr. Chester.

"I wish ours would stay on our chairs!" exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue.

"But it would be very impolite if mine 'stayed on' my head in company," said Mr. Preston.

"I don't exactly see the two," said Cecilia Owens; "I know them as four."

"That is because you do not study the heavens," said her brother.

"One of the two is known in the 'Course of Time,'" said Mr. Fortescue.

"Both precede the Crab," said Eustace Brunton.

"And follow the 'Ram and the Bull,'" said Mr. Erastus.

"It is all now quite too plain," said Mrs. Fortescue; "everybody has guessed it."

"I have not guessed it at all!" Arthur Chester lamented. "What does 'one of two' mean?"

Aspasia explained that the word upon which this kind of light was "thrown" was *Castor*. "You remember," she continued, "that 'Castor and Pollux' are the names of 'the Twins' among the constellations."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Arthur; "the Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins."

"And there was an old poem, called 'The Course of Time,' by one Pollock," continued Aspasia, in her explanation.

"But how could he stay on Mr. Preston's head?" persisted Arthur.

"Did you never hear a hat called a 'castor' before?" asked his father.

"I suppose because 'castor' is the Latin for 'beaver,' explained Mr. Fortescue.

But Tom Fortescue now stirred up the party with the game of —

United States Mails.

This game is a very lively one for a family or party composed of persons of all ages. A large

room is needed, from which as much of the furniture as possible should be removed. This being done, chairs should be placed at about equal distances from each other around the room, one chair for each of the persons who play, with one single exception. The one left standing places himself in the centre of the room and requests each of the persons seated to take a name of some city in the United States. They then name themselves accordingly, as, for instance, Boston, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, etc. The person standing in the middle of the floor, and reminding each person of his city name, will now begin to call as follows: "Chicago to Boston," or "Chicago to Philadelphia," etc. The persons bearing these names must thereupon exchange seats, and do it quickly, because the person standing up has a right to take either seat thus vacated, if he can catch it in transit. After calling four or five single exchanges of this sort, the caller will give the words "General delivery." Thereupon everybody must exchange his seat for some other, and in the general scramble the caller, if he is quick, will catch a seat, and some one else will be left out, and the game goes on.

A large party joined in this with great liveliness, till suddenly it was proposed to change it to —

Stage-Coach.

This is played in the same way; but each player takes the name of some part of a Stage-Coach, or the name of one of the passengers, or of the baggage, or anything connected with a Stage-Coach. The player in the middle of the floor tells a story, bringing in, in quick succession, all the names of the rest of the players, and each one, when his name is called, gets up and wheels round and sits down again. When "Stage-Coach" is called, each person gets up and turns round in this way; when the "Whole team" is mentioned, everybody changes place and takes a fresh seat, leaving one standing, who has to remain and go on with the story.

Eustace Brunton placed himself in the centre, and collected the names of the large party who joined in the game. Even Mrs. Brunton was persuaded to join. She took the name of the "White Mountains," thinking she would not often be moved. Eustace began with the following story, which shows, in italics, the names of the different members of the party: —

"We were all travelling in the *White Mountains* [poor Mrs. Brunton got up from her easy-chair painfully, to whirl round], and we hired a *Stage-Coach* [the whole company whirled

round], to take us from the *Glen House* to the *Tip-top*. We had in the *Stage-Coach*, *Mrs. Plimlimmins*, *Mr. Plimlimmins*, *Four Little Plimlimminses*, each with his *India Rubber-Boots*, an *Old Lady* with *Six Hand-Bags*, *Umbrella*, *Shawl-Strap*, *Lunch-Box*, and *Shade-Hat* in her hands. Two young *Harvard Students*, an *Elderly Gentleman* in *Spectacles*," etc.

He went on enumerating the different characters, setting them all in motion, with frequent references to the *Stage-Coach;* thus closing:

"In looking out of the window, the *Elderly Gentleman* dropped his *Spectacles* on the *Tire* of the *Back Right-Hand Wheel*. It was supposed that one of the *Spokes* had broken. 'Which *Spoke?*' exclaimed *Mr. Plimlimmins*, and every *Lady Passenger* screamed. All *Four Horses* leaped on one side, and *The Whole Team* went into the ditch."

The game was carried on until the elders were quite exhausted, and found it was time for the young folks to go home. A sedate party had been playing "Cayenne" in the corner of a quiet room, and another party had learned from one of the guests how to play a new "Patience," called "Four Fans of Five."

Mr. Preston, meanwhile, described a game that he had seen played by the colored children at the South, called —

Uncle Sam.

This begins with the singing of one voice, —

"Uncle Sam, you know?"

A chorus takes up the strain of —

"Right on the stormy bank!

First voice. "Ask my Lord what shall I do
Right on the stormy bank."

Then follows a dialogue between the Solo and Chorus.

"Have you been to his funeral?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long it was?"

"So long."

"Had they any coffee?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How sweet it was?"

"So sweet."

The game goes on by describing new delicacies, which are asked for and commented upon in turn; or, as they describe it, "You can ask for plenty of things if you want them."

Miss Margaret Lester, in her corner, had been describing her game of Patience under the name of —

Four Fans of Five.

"You lay out your cards," she explained, "beginning with four fans of five cards; then you

dispose of the rest of the cards in fans of four cards each, arranging each pile so that you can recognize the cards below. You are permitted to move any top card from one pile to the top of another pile if it is of the same suit, or can count with it in sequence up or down. For instance," she added, in explanation, "you can move this eight of clubs to the seven of the same, or you could move the seven to the eight. But here it is better to move the eight, for it reveals a king of clubs that you can move to an ace of the same. This works well, as this reveals a seven of spades that can be moved to an eight of spades. Your first object is to clear up one pile, because you are at liberty to form a new pile in the same place, always keeping twelve piles. Your final object is to bring all the cards of each suit in a pile by themselves, in sequence; but," she said, as she quickly went on with the game, "you see each pile is differently formed. We have here succeeded: but this pile of clubs happens to have the ace at the top, and the two of clubs below; in the spades, the knave is at the top, the queen below; in the diamonds, the six at the top, and the five below; while the hearts pile has the ace at the top, and the two below."

This proved a very attractive game.

SIXTEENTH BUNDLE OF FAGOTS.

Composite Photograph. — Cento Verses. — Consequences. — Symphonious Verses. — What Is My Thought Like? — Acting Charades. — Games of Patience. — Spanish Backgammon. — Farewell.

A LARGE number of guests assembled at Mrs. Brunton's. After the first greetings, they were taken to a table, where a stereoscope was placed.

"My Fagot," exclaimed Hector Brunton, as the different friends presented themselves, "is a picture of two of the members of our party, which you will all be glad to see, and which I am able to show you as the result of one method of making a 'Composite Photograph,' described in an interesting article by Professor John T. Stoddard, in the March 'Century;' and I will give his account of the method I have acted upon: —

"Composite Photograph.

"'The two photographs, or engravings, which are to be brought together, must, of course, be selected with reference to the position of the head, though they need not be of exactly the

same size. Holding one in each hand, as one looks through the glasses of the instrument, one readily finds the positions in which they must be placed for the images to blend. But unless the observer's eyes are equally good, and he has the habit of using both equally, there will be in this experiment a plain case of 'prepotency;' and even with good eyes there will often be noticed a curious struggle for mastery between the components.'

"After a little study," continued Hector, "I have placed the photographs of Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Fortescue in our stereoscope here. Happily I could find two of the same size, looking in the same direction, with eyes on the same line, etc., and I think you will all be pleased with the pictures of our two friends combined. This frame against which they are placed can be moved backward and forward to secure the focus desired."

A great surprise did indeed await those "whose eyes were equally good, and were in the habit of using both equally;" for they beheld a very lovely face, containing the most beautiful traits of Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Fortescue.

"I thought they were both beautiful women before," said Mr. Brunton; "but in this picture they seem to rival themselves."

It was a striking fact, which everybody noticed, that the photograph, as it was thus blended, represented some one in perfect health; but Mrs. Chester was quite an invalid, and Mrs. Fortescue's face was now unusually thin, — indeed, she was going away in hope of improving her health.

"What a lovely face!" exclaimed Cecilia Owens; "it has Mrs. Fortescue's exquisite mouth, with Mrs. Chester's full, dimpled cheeks, and Mrs. Chester's large brown eyes appear under Mrs. Fortescue's classic brow!"

"I should have to run away from such admiration," said Mrs. Fortescue; "but I must say there is something very fascinating in seeing myself so glorified."

"It is very interesting," said Mr. Fortescue, "to move the photographs slightly, to obtain the case of 'prepotency' that Professor Stoddard describes."

The picture was shown to each new comer, and, as a "parting present," the regular members of the Fagot-party were promised a "composite photograph" of these two favorites of their happy company. Some very interesting trials were made with other photographs.

"We have been thinking," said Aspasia, "that the Fagots presented to-night should be of the sort that might be useful for our travellers who

are to leave us so soon; and I understand that a number of the old games are to be offered to us, such as can be easily played in long journeys."

"The drier the Fagots are, and the older, the easier to burn," said Mr. Chester.

Aunt Cecilia hoped they would not forget to try

Cento Verses.

Each member of the company sits down to write a poem, not of original lines, but taken from some well-known poets, for each line must be that of a different author, usually following the metre suggested by the first line.

We give one of the "classics," which was first offered, by way of example; and the rest were quickly written by some of the ready writers:

"On Linden when the sun was low,"
"A frog he would a wooing go;"
"He sighed a sigh, and breathed a prayer," —
"None but the brave deserve the fair."

(*Original.*)

"Gentle shepherd, tell me where"
"She drew him by a single hair,"
"Over some wide-watered shore,"
"And his name shall be lost for evermore."

"The father sat upon the shore,"
"Swinging slow with sullen roar,"
"And by him sported, on the green,"
"My beloved, my Geraldine."

"Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,"
"Thus murmured a Peri beneath the dark sea;"
"Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,"
"Like a thing in the desert, alone in its glee."

"At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,"
"And says, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,"
"Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things."
"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

"A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,"
"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;"
"Gums and pomatums did his flight restrain,"
"For who would suffer, being here below?"

"I am afraid this requires too much brain for the deck of a steamer!" sighed Mrs. Fortescue.

"But no mind is demanded for my contribution," said Cecilia Owens; "it is the dear old game of —

"Consequences.

"Take a large sheet of old-fashioned letter-paper, open it, and mark it down into six columns, — three on the first page, three on the next. Write headings to these columns in the following order: Her Name, His Name, Place of Meeting, What He Said, What She Said, What the World Said; then turn over the sheet and write on the back, at the head of the page, the Consequences. One of the company must then quickly write in the first column all the names

of the ladies of the party, and of others who are well known by those present, putting them in any order that comes easiest, the rest of the company suggesting names also. This column is turned back out of sight. For the next column the 'male' names are taken, as suggested by the party assembled; and the other columns are filled out in the same way, according to their headings, each one turned over when finished. After the final list of Consequences is finished, the whole is read across."

"In this way," said Mr. Chester, "Cecilia Owens and Oscar Wilde *Met Abroad. He Said:* 'How remarkable!' *She Said:* 'I cannot tell a lie!' *The World Said:* 'Just what I expected;' and the *Consequences* were, 'They came home again.'"

"I should think," said Rodney Owens, "if you want a game for amusement on board the steamer, where you have no pencils nor paper, no properties, and no — brain, that you would like 'Symphonious Verses;' you probably know how to make them under a different name.

"Symphonious Verses.

"You give a line which must be carefully selected, for it must end with a word to which you must not only make a rhyme, but use a

word that sounds precisely the same, but with an entirely different meaning.

"Here is a poem, made on this principle, that is usually given as an example: —

"They sat side by side,
And he sighed, and she sighed:
'On my heart is such a weight,'
And he waited, and she waited.
'At last I've bolder grown,'
And he groaned, and she groaned;
'You shall have your private gig,'
And he giggled, and she giggled.
She said, 'My dearest Luke!'
And he looked, and she looked
And said, 'I will if thou wilt.'
And he wilted, and she wilted."

This passage was so inspiring that the following additions were made: —

"Then he fell on his knees,
And she sneezed, and he sneezed;
He gave her a white, white rose,
And he rose, and she rose.
'You forgot my rose cold!'
Thus she scolded, and he scolded.
He had received a dangerous wound,
And he swooned, and she swooned."

"One might go on forever," said Mr. Chester, "if the voyage lasted long enough; and it requires about as much brain as our old favorite game of —

What Is My Thought Like?

The company were now summoned to another room to witness some Charades. Mr. Chester's favorite game, however, was played in intervals between scenes of the Charades.

"I approve of What Is My Thought Like?" said Mr. Chester, "because one gathers up fresh conundrums for future, impromptu, use."

"I always wondered where you found your inexhaustible flow," said Mr. Fortescue.

"What Is My Thought Like?" asked Aunt Cecilia.

Various answers were given, and each person was obliged afterward to explain why his answer was like the original "Thought." These were given in the pauses necessary for the preparation of the Charades. Aunt Cecilia's Thought was like "Our Fagot Parties." The answers given were: "It is like Hector's dog;" "Like the Public Library;" "The Ocean;" "Next Week's Steamer;" "Like Charon;" "Like the Fortescue Family."

The reasons for the resemblance of these answers to the original "Thought" were given in turn as follows: "Because they both have a *Bark;*" "Both have *Branches;*" "The Ocean is made of *Billows*, the Fagots of *Billets;*"

"The Fortescues *Light Up* both;" "Because he had his *Styx* always there;" "Because we must say *Good-by* to both."

The Charades were announced by Rodney Owens. "I have been requested," he said, "to give the following rules for —

"Acting Charades.

"On common occasions it is best not to attempt too much in elaborate dress, unless, indeed, the whole thing has been planned beforehand, when everything will be laid out and ready for use. But the Charades are quite as likely to be amusing if the dress and scenery are of the most impromptu sort, — a coal-hod serving for a hero's helmet, a feather duster transforming a small boy into a bird.

"It is well to select some word that will suggest one or more dramatic scenes; and if the troop of actors is large, they must remember that they are not all to speak at once; also, they must be careful to place themselves where they can be easily seen and heard, and never turn their backs to the audience, except when absolutely necessary."

The first Charade was indeed impromptu. It was announced as consisting of a word of three syllables, to be represented in three scenes.

Aspasia and Angelina were discovered, when the curtain was drawn, as summer artists, with their easels and paint-boxes, preparing to make a sketch of a yoke of oxen, represented by Rodney Owens and Jack Chester, two younger boys acting as hind-legs. Eustace Brunton, who performed the part of "boy" in charge of the oxen, found great difficulty in keeping them quiet, while at the same time he was helping the artists to climb the library table which served as a stone wall, on which they were to sit in the corner of the supposed field. The scene was very amusing, Aspasia being much occupied in keeping off a supposed fly from her supposed oxen, spending much of her time in getting up and down from her supposed stone wall.

The curtain was closed, then drawn again for the second and third syllables of the word. The same scenes appeared, with the same struggles of the artists and the same amusing difficulties in keeping the oxen quiet.

"That forward ox," said Mrs. Chester, "seems especially forward, and must be the hero of the occasion."

The curtain was again closed, and drawn once more, to show the representation of the whole word to be guessed. It was the same scene, once more represented.

"What can it be?" "Is that the whole?" exclaimed one and another.

"The ox is surely the principal character," said Mr. Fortescue.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Mr. Chester; "the first scene, '*Ox;*' the second, 'the same *Again;*' the whole, '*Oxygen*'!"

This, however, was only an impromptu Charade before the presentation of one more elaborate, of a word of three syllables, in four scenes. In the first scene the stage was decorated with large plants in pots, — palms and other tropical vegetables, — in the midst of which there came a train of young girls dancing, and one or two strange beings with hairy costumes ("circular" cloaks, worn with the fur outside), and horns (made of stiff brown paper) on their heads. These pranced about in a strange, wild, uncouth manner around another who came in a furry mantle, with a pipe at his mouth, and all danced to the music of the piano played by Clara Fortescue.

"There is no doubt about the principal character here," whispered Mr. Chester, "for that tin pan on his head betrays him; but I would not shorten the scene by guessing him."

"Clara has made a good selection of a tune," said Mr. Fortescue.

She was playing, "The Campbells are Coming."

"All right," said Mr. Chester; "for doubtless they had camels in that time and clime."

In the next scene the palms and other plants had retired to the background, and the front of the stage had a deserted air. An old man, with long white beard, was standing by a boat (an oval clothes-basket), holding an oar in his hand. One by one came sad-looking shades in white garments, and were admitted into the boat and ferried across the room, with many angry gesticulations of the old man. They were left on the other side, and he returned to receive the new comers that pressed on, hidden in drapery of long sheets, with pillow-cases flung over their heads. Not a word was spoken.

"If this were the whole," said Mr. Chester, "I should call this '*Pan*tomime;' but this old man is not Tom, and can't be anything but Charon."

It was afterward discovered that the word represented was "*oar*."

The next scene had again a background of plants; but in front of it was an interesting group. Clara Fortescue evidently represented Venus, for by her side was Cupid (Cecilia Owens) with bow and arrow, who transfixed Mars as he entered. Vulcan was in the foreground pounding away on some coal-hods and blowers. He stopped, however, to fit Mars for

his armor with a helmet (a tin pan, which he pounded on with a hammer), and a large tray for a shield; and the scene closed.

The pause before the next scene allowed plenty of time for wild guessing; but no satisfactory answer was reached. But the last scene betrayed the whole. Cecilia Owens introduced herself as the original Mrs. Jarley, stating that her occupation had been so seized upon by modern imitators that she had been obliged to become a show-woman of another sort. In front of the stage appeared a moving *Panorama*, formed in this way: Two tall young men stood as pillars at some distance from each other, and around them had been wound a long gray shawl, on the front of which was shown a series of pictures that, by the motion of the shawl from right to left, appeared and disappeared, a fresh series of pictures constantly turning up to take the place of the first; for, during the whole, Sally Chester was on her knees behind the shawl, taking off the old pictures, cut from illustrated papers, and pinning on fresh ones, which, as the young men revolved, appeared in front to be commented upon by the witty Mrs. Jarley, who drew forth continued applause by her remarks upon the different scenes presented.

During the pauses between the scenes Mr.

Erastus discoursed a little upon Charades, and gave a description of one for beginners.

An Easy Charade (found in the word "Penelope"). — This has frequently been done, but it can always be varied by the skill of the actors.

The first scene can be made very effective by representing Penn's treaty with the Indians. A group of Indians can be made very picturesque sitting round the Quaker-clad William Penn. This scene can be done in pantomime, or represented simply in a tableau.

The second scene can be varied to suit the audience and the performers. There can be the "mistaken elopement scene" of the lover with the old aunt, or the "discovered elopement," in either of which good scenic effects can be produced by having the kerosene lamp represent the moon, and a screen to answer for the sides of the house. The heads of the different members of the family appear at the top of the screen to converse with those below.

The third scene, which describes the whole word, is the one on which the greatest care should be lavished. The costumes should all be classic. Penelope should be at her embroidery-frame at the opening of the scene; one of the small boys should represent the dog Argos;

another, as Minerva, in the form of a bird, looking down upon the scene. A large number of Suitors should be present, and all should try the bow, which only Ulysses can stretch. It is a great addition if all the conversation is carried on entirely in — impromptu — hexameters.

In the course of the evening a number of Games of Patience were collected for the travellers' use or for summer evenings, which we give here. The first was named in honor of Miss Lester, who introduced it, and was known as —

MARGIE'S. — This game is played with two packs of cards. Begin by dealing out a row of thirteen cards, face up; place the fourteenth card below this row. This card is to serve as a "starter," and also the seven others of the same rank of the different suits, whenever they appear; and upon each is to be formed an ascending sequence, alternating in color. For instance, if the fourteenth card should be the four of hearts, it becomes the first of a sequence, and on it must be placed, whenever it appears, a black five, afterward a red six, and so on, the pile ending in a red three. After placing the first starter, if the card at the right of the upper row of thirteen cards is available, it can be used; if not, proceed to place six cards in a row below, which are to be the foundations of six reserve

piles. On these foundations, cards can be placed in reverse sequence; for instance, a king on an ace, a queen on a king, but alternating in color. These cards can be used (the upper card of each pile) whenever needed. Continue to play out the cards, making a talon, or stock, of such cards as cannot be used on any of the piles. Be careful, however, always to use in preference the card at the right of the upper row, as the difficulty in succeeding in this game lies in the fact that many useful cards are shut up in this row, and must be released as soon as possible. It requires some skill to keep a place for these cards to be used when released. The talon, or stock, can be turned once.

Mr. Fortescue was interested in a game of Patience, as it was pronounced to be of the style of "Idiot's Joy," — soothing in its nature, and in the rank of the "everlasting" games. It was called —

VALENTINE. — To be played with one pack. Lay down four cards in a row. With these and one you turn up in your hand, make piles, if possible, as follows: Lay a higher card on a lower, and push a lower under a higher card of the same suit. For example, a three of spades can be put under the four of the same suit, and if you turn up a five of spades, it can be placed on

top. When all is done that can be done, lay down the fifth card and pile up the rest together, in their piles, from left to right, and put these cards under the pack in your hand, first looking to see if the next card to be turned up can be added to the piles. The fifth card now is placed for the first of a new set of four, and you proceed as before. You keep on in this way till you find your cards coming out in their suits in sequence — if you succeed. It is well to experiment with this game by making the piles in sequence, without regard to suits. This is much easier, and gives you courage to play it in suits, though you may spend the whole evening over it.

Another simple game of Patience resembles this, but can be played more quickly, called —

ROBERT. — To be played with one pack. Turn up one card on the table; if the next card ranks either just below or above it, put it on. For instance, on a ten you can place either a nine or a knave; on a king you can put either an ace or a queen; on the queen you must then put a knave or another king; and so on. Cards that cannot be so used are placed in a stock, which can be turned twice. If you have not then all your cards in a pile, your Patience has failed.

Another Patience game given was called —

FIVE FACES. — To be played with one pack. Deal the cards into five piles, face down. Turn up the first pile. Discard all the cards till you reach a face-card, or honor. (Ten counts as an honor.) Leave the pile face up. Treat the next pile in the same way, discarding till you come to a face-card of the same suit as the one forming the upper card of the first pile. Continue in the same way with the remaining piles. Then put all the piles together into one pack, beginning with the right, one on the other. Turn this pack, and deal the cards out into four piles. Proceed with these as before, discarding in each pile all cards till you reach a face-card of the same suit as before. Pile up again in the same way, and deal into three piles. Proceed as before; then deal into two piles. After thus dealing and discarding, and taking up the two piles, if the Patience is successful, you will find in your hand to deal out in one pile only the five honors, or face-cards, of the original suit.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS — Is similar to Five Faces, but even simpler. It should be played with a piquet or euchre pack. Lay down three cards, face up. Remove all the cards of some one suit, — clubs, for example. Continue dealing out three cards, to form three piles, removing the clubs till you have done this five times,

not filling in the gaps made. Shuffle into the pack, the cards remaining on the table, leaving out the clubs. Repeat this process twice.. All the clubs should then be found in a pile by themselves, if the game has succeeded.

Mr. Fortescue was also pleased with the game which had the mystical name of —

ONE ON MANY, MANY ON ONE; OR, ONE ON ONE. — To be played with two packs. Lay out three rows, eleven cards in each row. Use every ace as it appears as foundation for ascending sequence. The cards on the lower row can be used for foundations for reverse sequence. A pile of many cards thus placed can be transferred to a card one higher than its lower card. Try to keep the piles in sequence, not interfering with any other pile; that is, if one pile ends with a seven, be careful not to mingle the six needed with another pile. The lower cards can always be used for these sequences, and when a lane, or gap, is made to the upper row, a fresh card can be placed there from the talon, or stock, but not from the lower row. As the kings cannot thus be moved, it is well to use them as foundations for sequences. The gaps in the upper row should not be too hastily filled; but be careful to put there, when possible, some card one higher than the under card of same sequence on the lower

rows, so that you can free such piles and bring them to the upper row. Observe the rule that gives the name, never putting one pile on another pile, nor can you divide a pile; it must all be moved at once.

Mr. Jones gave Mrs. Fortescue the rules for

Spanish Backgammon, or Jacquet.

In this form of Backgammon there is no taking up, and one man holds a point from his adversary. The players place their men on the farthest point in the table opposite their own, — that is, the one they are to throw off from, — in five piles, of three men in each pile. Each player throws one die for the first move. When this is decided, the player beginning takes one man, and moves it as many points on its way round to his own table as his throw, with the two dice, allows. He must take this first man into his own table before he can start another man. After this, he must bring along the rest of his men as fast as possible. When all the men are in, they are to be thrown off, as in other games of Backgammon. The loser has three points counted against him for every one of his men still left in his first table; two for any left in the second table; one for any left in the last, when his adversary has won the game.

The excitement consists in blocking your opponent, which, as there is no taking up, you can easily do with one man; and your skill is shown by blocking your adversary, while you keep your own road open.

Another Charade was then hastily given, the first scene representing a *Fair* with an amusing "take-off" of the popular charity-fairs. The second was a *Well* scene, the acting out of the old story of the two girls, one of whom dropped pearls and diamonds as she talked; the other, frogs and toads. But for the whole, all the actors came from the stage to give a sad *Farewell* to the friends who were to leave, and to the last of the Fagot-parties.

INDEX.

ACTING BALLADS, described, 146.
Acting Charades, Rules for, 259.
Acting Proverbs, 157.
Alliteration, a game, 83, 164.
Alliteration, or Siege of Belgrade, 167.
Alphabet Story, 161.
Anagrams, 21, 22, 24.
Anagrams solved, 43, 58.
An Austrian Army, 165.
Ancestors, 242.
Androscoggin, 44.
Answers to Charades, 66, 68, 160.
Apprentice my Son, 234.

BALLADS, ACTED, 135–142.
Barberry Bush, 241.
Bean-Bag Contest, 120.
Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, 231.
Beheaded Rhymes, 229.
Buried Cities, 191.
Buz-Fiz, 14.

CAPPING VERSES, 236.
Cards for a number of players: —
  Cayenne, 147.
  Comet Trick with Cards, 94.
  Domino Whist, 202.
  Doubt It ! 175.
  Grabouge, 197.
  Jacoby, 199.
  Kapak, or Kopak, 204.
  Patent Medicines, 176.
  Photograph Whist, 207.
  Stop, 108.
  Three-handed Whist, 198.
Cards (continued), Games of Patience: —
  Boarded, for two players, 200.
  Five Faces, 268.
  Four Fans of Five, 249.
  German Constitution, 22.
  Great Expectations, 268.
  Idiot's Joy, 56.
  Margie's, 265.
  One on Many, Many on One, 269.
  Robert, 267.
  Valentine, 266.
Cat's Concert, 231.
Cento Verses, 254.
Charades, 48, 67, 88, 128.
Charades, Acted, 260, 261, 271.
Clothes-pins Contest, 122.
Clumps, or Two Captains, 187.
Composite Photograph, 251.
Consequences, 255.
Conundrums, 42, 54, 67, 82, 127, 128.
Crambo, 89.
Criticisms, 59.
Cum-je-cum, 233.

DECORATIVE SISTERS, THE, 135.
Dirge of the Tadpoles, 140.
Doublets, 73.
Doublets, Examples of, 77, 78.
Doublets, Solutions of, 112.
Dramatis Personæ, 10.
Dream of Fair Women, 142.
Dumb Crambo, 96.

EASY CHARADE, described, 264.
Essay on Fagots, 35.
Eyes Puzzle, 210.

FALLS OF NIAGARA. A Ballad. 141.
Farewell, an Acted Charade, 271.

Farmer, The, 239.
Farmyard, The, 214.
Five Faces (Patience), 268.
Five Points, or Rice Game, 20.
Fling the Towel, 212.
Four Fans of Five (Patience), 249.
Fox and Geese, or Tierce, 79.

German Constitution (Patience), 22.
Going to Jerusalem, 113.
Gorilla, 113.

Hanging, 39.
Hide in Sight, 105.
Historical Pictures, 16.
How Do You Go? 55.
Huckle-buckle-Beanstalk, 106.
Hunt the Feather, 190.

Idiot's Joy (Patience), 56.
Illustrated Proverbs, 153.
I Love My Love, 170.
Impromptu Newspaper, 222.
Initials, 192.

Jacquet, or Spanish Backgammon, 270.
Johnny's Trade, 239.

Literati, 62.
Logomachy, or Word-Making, 102.

Magical Music, 211.
Meal-bag Race, 117.
Metamorphosis, 213.
Minister's Cat, The, 82.
Mosaics, 27.
Mrs. Plinlimmins's Tea, 86.

Newspaper (impromptu), 222.
No More — impromptu newspaper, 223, etc.
Novel (impromptu), 221.

Pass the Quarter, 195.
Patent Medicines (cards), 176.
Photograph Whist, 207.
Potato Race, 115.
Problems, 128, 129.
Problems, Solved, 130, 131.
Proverbs, Acted, 157.
Proverbs, Illustrated, 153.
Proverbs, Suggested, 156.
Put in a Proverb, 155.

Queries, 178.
Quotations, 124.

Rice Game, or Five Points, 20.
Riddles, 25, 86, 194.
Riddle, answered, 88.
Russian Scandal, 25.

Sapolio, 216.
Shadow Pantomime, 208.
Shouting Poets, 123.
Shouting Proverbs, 152.
Sonnets, Writing, 36, 37, 38.
Spanish Backgammon, or Jacquet, 270.

Tea-Kettle Game, 32.
Theatrical Adjectives, 49.
The Two Captains, or Clumps, 187.
Three-Handed Whist (cards), 198.
Three-Legged Race, 118.
Throw a Light, 243.
Tierce, or Touch the Third, 79.
Travelling Alphabet, 217.
'T was I! 54.
Twenty Questions, 185.

Uncle Sam, 249.
United States Mails, 245.

Verbarium, 44.

What is My Thought like? 258.
Whispers, 218.
Who am I? 173.
Who are You? 172.
Wiggles, 100.
Word-Making, or Logomachy, 102.
Writing Ballads, 133.
Writing Sonnets, 36.
Written Geography, 168.

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